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Erie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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PLAIN and Figured De Lain all wool, and other cheap De Laine at the store of S. JACKSON.

BLACK French Cloth from $2 to $6 per yard, for sale at S. JACKSON.

BLACK, Brown, Green and Cadet mixed Broad Cloths at all prices for sale at S. JACKSON.

GREEN, Black, Morain; Clarit, Brown, and Blue French Merino, for sale cheap at the Store of S. JACKSON.

BLACK, Blue, Plaid, Striped and other Fancy Cassimeres for sale by S. JACKSON.

BLACK, Blue, and mixed Satinets, Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans &c. for sale cheap by S. JACKSON.

LADIES DRESS GOODS. The Ladies will find a good assortment, French Merinoes, Cashmeres, De Laine, Chamillion Lustre, Mohair Lustre, Alapachas of all colors, Ginghams, Calicos, &c. just opened at GEO. SELDON & SON.

A GOOD assortment of Winter Vestings, some very nice, for cheap at the store of S. JACKSON.

A LAPACA, any quantity Black Figured and plain changable Silk warp, chamelians mohair lustre &c., for sale by Erie, et. 21. S. JACKSON.

Geese Feathers Wanted.
150 Pounds of live Geese Feathers wanted, for which I will pay hair cash at my store on the corner opposite Brown's Hotel
Oct. 27. C. B. WRIGHT.

GOLD, Silver and Florence Leaf; Gold Silver and Composition Bronzes; Japanned tins, assorted colors.
Nov. 21. CARTER & BROTHR.

Poetry and Miscellany.

SONG—THE SANDS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

When I sat beside thee, hearing,
In a whisper soft and low,
Every word of love endearing,
That the tongue of man may know;
When I felt thy proud heart beating,
With its sweet bewildering bliss—
When our lips were fondly meeting,
In affections glowing kiss,
Then life's golden sands were falling,
Like the sunbeams on the flowers,
And we heard sweet voices calling,
On to brighter, fairer bowers.

When fair children, in their gladness,
Came around our quiet hearth,
And beguiled our hearts of sadness,
With their thrilling tones of mirth;
When we stood together bearing,
Hopes and sorrows, cares and fears,
Till our summer prime was wearing
Into autumn's fading years,
Then life's silver sands were falling,
Like the moonbeams on the stream,
And we heard stern wisdom calling,
Human life a fleeting dream.

Now, though life has lost its brightness
It assumed in other days;
Though our hearts have lost their lightness,
Wandering through its wildering ways,
Still we travel on together,
Through the sunshine and the gloom,
Of its bright and dreary weather,
To the silence of the tomb,
And the leaden sands are falling,
Like the dusk on faded leaves,
And we hear life's reaper calling,
As he gathers in the sheaves.—*Message Bird.*

THE STOCKBROKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Another week—another month—poorer and poorer—struggling harder and more desperately to break the chain of their evil fortunes—so did the ill-starred pair drag on existence. Gertrude had written several times to her father, begging his forgiveness and imploring his assistance, but Mr. Banks, having long ago formed his resolution, remained inexorable. They might starve or perish—they merited their fate—his daughter was nothing now to him. He continued amassing wealth, yet without any definite object; he made his bargains, was the oracle of the Stock Exchange, ate his venison and drank his champagne. Twice Gertrude was driven from his garden gate, where she had posted herself, awaiting her father's return from the city, hoping by a personal appeal to soften his flinty heart; but he would have no mercy upon her. Amidst all her sorrows, however, she never ceased to love the man on whose knees she had danced when a child: while Graham, harshly treated as he was, entertained a secret respect for one whom he knew but too well he had deeply injured.

One afternoon, Graham, to divert the thoughts which were devouring him, strolled forth from his wretched lodgings. Scarcely knowing whither he went, he found himself about half-past four near that bustling, noisy locality, that centre of a wheel of streets, that whirling Maelstrom of coaches, cabs, carts, and omnibusses—the Elephant and Castle. He had been there but a few minutes, half forgetting his own misfortunes in contemplating the busy scene, the air of life around him, and wondering how many were happy among that crowd of human beings, when his ear was assailed by a loud shouting in the road leading towards London Bridge.—The next instant a carriage was seen approaching at a frightful speed. In vain the driver "sawed" the horse's mouth, the animal only more wildly dashed from side to side; then, as the man pulled desperately, the reins broke, and stooping to pluck at the fragments, he lost his balance and was thrown headlong into the road. The horse, now entirely ungoverned, plunged madly—furiously, here and there. "Catch him!" cried one man; "Jump at his head!" bawled another; but no one was bold enough to do what all so energetically called upon his neighbors to achieve.

"Fifty pounds for the man who stops the horse!" shouted a voice from the carriage-window.

A few heard the announcement of this golden reward, and desperate exertions were now indeed made; but some one, with a lightning spring, had gained the animal's head; he hung on by the shattered rein, he tugged at the bit, which the horse had caught between his teeth, and though one arm was jambed between the shaft of the carriage and the horse's shoulder, and he was borne a considerable distance along the road, he succeeded in checking his career. The next minute, the foaming mad thing was still.

"That was done clever," said two cabmen, now running up, while one opened the door of the carriage, presuming the occupier to be in a great alarm. "All right, sir, and no damage, though if that horse wasn't stopped the instant he was, the carriage would have been smashed to bits against that lamp-post."

The man spoke the truth, and he within was fully aware of the imminent peril he had escaped.

"Who stopped the horse?" cried Mr. Banks, the stockbroker, springing out of his brougham.

"We! we!" said the two cabmen, in a breath; "leastways, we lent a hand."

"No," said a gentleman, stepping forward, and who had witnessed the affair; "the credit alone is due to this young man—this gentleman; he, sir," added the stranger, addressing Mr. Banks, "has, by his bold and prompt action, averted from you a terrible accident, perhaps saved your life."

Mr. Banks was by no means impervious to feelings of gratitude when a personal service was rendered him; he hurried to Graham, and was about to take him by the hand.

"Bless me! what is the matter? are you injured?"

"I can't lift my arm!" said Graham, in an agony of pain.

"I dare say not," observed the gentleman who had first spoken; he was a surgeon, and was examining the limb: "your arm is broken."

Mr. Banks asked the young man's name, and obtained his address, and giving his own card to the medical gentleman, begged him to take charge of the case; whatever expenses might be incurred, he, Mr. Banks, would of course defray them. Graham was then placed in a cab and taken to his lodgings, while Mr. Banks, whose servant had come up, covered with dust from his fall but uninjured, proceeded to Denmark Hill. He ate little dinner, and was totally unable to gain his accostomed serenity of manner; a vision stood before his mind's eye—it was the pale young man with the broken arm.

"Well, Morris, and how is the patient?" asked the stockbroker of his servant, who the following day, had been sent to Graham's lodgings.

"The doctor says he goes on well, sir; the young man has a wife and child, and seems very poor; but, please your honor, he refuses to take your bounty—the handsome reward—the fifty pounds."

"That's singular," said old Banks; "I never knew a man before, not downright mad, who refused money when offered him. But I can't remain under an obligation to any man alive, much less a needy one. He shall take the money. In a few days I will visit him myself."

About a week after the accident we have described, a holiday occurred on the Stock Exchange, otherwise we cannot assert positively that Mr. Banks would have kept his word in regard to paying a visit to the poor inmate of the court in Fleet Street. As is was, however, he could spare the time; so about twelve o'clock on that day the old gentleman trudged up Cheapside, with a thick stick in his hand, and several bank notes in his pocket-book. He was calm enough now, and the compressed lips, bent brows, and great grey eyes, that seemed incapable of smiling, or moistening, with a tear, gave the wonted expression of grimness to his old iron face.

The stockbroker turned from Cheapside into St. Paul's Churchyard. He did not glance at the huge cathedral, or think, as an artist would, of its builder—glorious Sir Christopher Wren; but his eyes involuntarily wandered to the few grave-stones on the eastern side. "Ah!" thought old Banks, "but for that young man, perhaps, I too should be now in my narrow house—cold—cold—the Stock Exchange nothing more to me—English Funds and Foreign Funds a blank forever—and a stranger in possession of my villa at Denmark Hill!"

By no means liking such reflections, the old gentleman struck the pavement hard with the ferule of his stick, and did not feel quite at ease until, turning his back on Wren's masterpiece, he strode down Ludgate Hill. In a few minutes he reached the court in Fleet street.

"Does Mr. Williams live here?" asked the stockbroker, of a rough country girl, a daughter of Erin, who was scrubbing the door-step. Graham had not confided to Mr. Banks his real name.

"He do, and he don't, misther."

"That's a singular circumstance, my girl."

"Why the body you mean has just two names; sometimes Misther Williams is at home, and sometimes somebody else,—can't say who is home to-day."

"Walk up," said Mrs. Green the landlady, whose red face poping out of a side door betrayed that she had heard the stranger's application; "you want the young man who broke his arm? You'll find him on the third floor back."

Mr. Banks commenced climbing the stairs, in which process he experienced considerable difficulty, for they were almost perpendicular; he groped in dark unexpected turnings, made frequent slips where the corners of the steps were narrowed to a point; but what with stumbling, feeling, and holding on by the banisters, he reached the desired floor at last.

The invalid was alone, seated by a small fire; his cheek appeared wan and pale, and his arm was still in splints. The room, though uncarpeted and miserably bare of furniture, was clean, and some plain-work which lay on the pembroke-table gave evidence that a woman had recently been there.

"I am come to see you, Mr. Williams; I am the person you so nobly and generously saved at the risk of your own life. I trust you are better?"

"I did not expect this honor," said the artist, rising, greatly agitated.

"Be calm, my dear sir; you have no reason to be disturbed, I assure you. I am a homely man, and can respect——" "poverty" old Banks was going to say, but the word stuck in his throat—"respect misfortune, sir. You have laid me under a heavy debt of gratitude; but, thank heaven, I have the means of discharging it."

Still the rich man was strongly impressed with the belief that no debt could be incurred which might not be liquidated by money.

"I did no more, sir, than one fellow-being is bound to do for another."

"Come, a little more," said old Banks; "I think a little more. But hark you, I'm a man of few words; I understand you are poor, and your wife," continued the stockbroker, glancing around the room, "is compelled to assist you in earning bread."

"Yes, sir," said the artist coloring; "she takes in plain-work."

"An! a good wife,—no doubt a good wife; such wives are jewels beyond price," said old Banks.

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed the young man, with quivering lips; "she is indeed a good wife to me."

"Now be stout of heart and you will soon recover. Consult your own interests and your wife's. I learn you refuse to accept the reward gained by your noble conduct; well, perhaps it is small; I'll double it."

The stockbroker produced his pocket-book, and placed two fifty pound notes on the table. It was long since the needy artist had beheld so much money.

"Come and see me in week," said Mr. Banks, drawing on his gloves, "we will then see what can be done for you. Ah! a good wife no doubt, working for her husband and child—a good wife—poor thing! Bless my heart, what sob was that?"

The old man held his head on one side, and stooping slightly in the attitude of listning; but the sob which he imagined he heard somewhere was not repeated.

Graham snatched up the bank-notes, and sprang towards him.

"Thank you sir, thank you! but I—I cannot take this!"

"Then you are proud young man, I must say,—foolishly proud."

"Oh, no; but if I have indeed served you, I ask as a reward—not *money*——"

"What then?"

"Forgiveness!" cried Graham, seizing the old man's hand. Mr. Banks started.

"Forgiveness? for I have deeply injured you!"

"Injured me? you dream young man! I never saw you in my life before this accident, or heard of your name."

"That is true; I ever avoided you, even while meditating the deep injury I allude to."

"Pooh! pooh! this is some idle fancy; you are still unwell—feverish, perhaps. My dear young man take this money and call on me in a week."

He was going, when a low cry arrested his steps; he could not be mistaken now; a small door at the end of the apartment opened, and Gertrude rushed forward.

Mr. Banks in an instant recognized his daughter, and then the whole truth flashed upon his mind. He staggered as if receiving a sudden blow, and would have hurried down the stairs, but something irresistably chained him to the spot. He repulsed his child, and held up his arms as she endeavored to throw herself into them. His face, usually so pale and passionless in its expression, was flushed, and his eyes kindled, while he stammered in broken sentences:

"Away!—this is dreadful—touch me not—ingrate, rebellious one!—child I have cursed!—back!—touch me not!"

Put Gertrude sank on her knees before him. Who could resist those upraised, pleading eyes filled with tears?

"Forgiveness, father? we have both wronged you, yet I have wronged you most deeply. Let all we have suffered,—want, anxiety, sorrow, be the penalty of our misdeed, and attone for our error. If my husband has any claims upon you, let his reward be your pardon. Oh! put away your anger now, just and right though it has been. Receive us! receive us!"

"Never!" said old Bank, in a stern voice.

"Overlook the past, father! in mercy receive us!"

"Never!" repeated the old man but not quite so firmly. "Stay!" he added; "I—that is, on one condition I promise—yes, Gertrude, I will forgive you, and call you my daughter again, on one condition."

"Name it, father!" she cried with breathless eagerness.

"Let your husband, who shall have a sum of money, quit London, and do you renounce him; hold no communication with him again. Then, Gertrude, I will pardon you, and receive you to my house."

The young wife rose from her knees; she cast one look at her father, not of indignation, but a look of wonder, then turning suddenly from him, flung herself upon her husband's bosom.

"Renounce you? part with you? I loved my father, and love him dearly still, but the ties that makes us one in happiness or in sorrow are holy—are recorded in heaven, and shall never be broken by me. Frank, dear Frank, in trial, in want, in death, I will be with you, for you shall command my poor services as you command my heart. Your hopes are my hopes, and I know no happiness apart from your own. Shall we be seperated then? One thing only shall divide us, that is—death!"

Graham looked down on the beautiful weeping face raised to his with feelings of gratitude and pride: richer he seemed possessed of that lavely, dear, devoted being, than he would have been were he the owner, without her, of all the stockbroker's boasted wealth. Mr. Banks, in witnessing the scene, felt himself moved in spite of his stern resolutions, and envied them feelings that had long been strangers to his own breast. He stood leaning upon his stick, and did not for several minutes utter a word.

It was then, as if emboldened by the silence, after peeping through the half opened door from which Gertrude had issued, that the child ran into the room. The boy's merry laughing eyes, as he paused an instant, fell on the grim old Banks. The beautiful instinct of nature told him at once that his father and mother were in distress, and that the stranger was the cause of it. He did not lisp a word or evince a fear, but stood boldly before those he loved—that is, between them and the intruder, shaking his flaxen curls at the stockbroker, and knitting his tinny brow as if in defiance.

"What, what? and this is the child?" stammered out old Banks, as he moved nearer and bent down his face. "Gertrude's image when she was that age," he rambled on, speaking apparently to himself. "Is he like myself, I wonder?" Old Banks was either softening by some strange charm, or had forgotten himself. "My dear," he added, totally disregarding Gertrude and her husband, "don't be afraid of me; I'm your—your grandfather."

"Are you?" said the boy; "then I may love you."

"And why, you bright-eyed little villain?"

"Mother and father say I must love grandfather, and I pray God to bless him every night in my prayer."

The features of Mr. Banks underwent a change; he knew that a child of four years of age could not but give utterence to the truth. He had heaped ills, curses upon his daughter, and driven her from his door, yet she had taught her offspring to pray for him. Strange to say this little incident went further to effect him and touch his heart than all Graham's appeals and Gertrude's tears.—He turned hastily round, and might have been heard to mutter—

"Pray for me? the poor child pray to God to bless me? and his mother teaching him to do this?"

Old Banks then began to walk very quickly to and fro, stopping at intervals, like a man in irresolution. Contending passions were struggling in his breast, and the conflict was a fierce one; his pride, his thwarted hopes, and Gertrude's disobedience were ranged on one side—Nature fought on the other. He had ever loved his daughter, loved even while he renounced her, and her absence left a void in his heart which had never since been filled. Again the idea of the child came over him, in whose little veins his own blood ran; the gloesome, innocent thing, that would shed light as from paradise on his old hardened age, make him perhaps a better man, and sweeten the evening hour of life ere his eyes closed on the world for ever.

The muscles of the old man's face relaxed, and he was seen slowly to take out his handkerchief; but he turned round on the instant, giving the floor a sharp knock with his stick, in evidence that his resolution was fully made up.

"I'm a brute! I'm a fool!" cried old Banks, "to hold out so long. Let me kiss you, sirrah!" he added, snatching up the child in his arms; "kiss your grandfather.—Gertrude—Gerty, my child! my lass! all is forgiven.—the past is forgotten. Here, lean on me, and don't sob so Graham, my boy, you saved my life—recollect that, take my hand, if you won't take anything else. God bless you, my children!—we'll all be happy now; sorrow and want shall be a dream. The box at Denmark Hill is large enough for us all. Gads life! 'tis a holiday on the Stock Exchange, so we'll be off at once. Call your landlady, and we'll pay her for any rent you may owe; then order a coach, and remember that this little curly-headed villain I am to take charge of; he shall ride on his grandfather's knee. Now let us shake hands again all around, and start immediately."

Mr. Banks did not repent of the step he had taken, nor did he feel loath to divide his income with his son-in-law, nor was he ever heard to say he disliked the appearance of the great brass plate now attached to his office-door, bearing the names of Banks and Graham, for that was the firm. But while his partner transacted the business within doors, still old Banks might be seen in the Stock Market, standing in his favorite corner, his hands thrust into his deep pockets, and looking imperturbably grave. Precisely at five o'clock too he reached, as wont, the villa on Denmark Hill, but now he had company in the person of his son-in-law, and again he was welcomed by the smiling, happy Gertrude, while the 'rascal of a boy,' with the bright eyes and curly head, always ran between his legs, or tugged at the tassels of his Hessian boots, and was never quiet till seated fairly on his grand-father's knee. We wonder if the rich stockbroker had been as truly happy in his intended 'noble alliance' as he was now?

The Lakes of Killarney.

THE lakes of Killarney lie in a crescent around the foot of the highest group of mountains in Kerry, called Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and are divided into two principal ones, the lower and the upper lake. The town lies on the former, which is the largest of the two.

The effect of the lakes of Killarney, with their banks of soft meadow land and the rich fringe of trees scattered over them, is greatly increased by their lying in the midst of this rocky wilderness. They are also sprinkled over with a number of little grassy and wooded islands, and peninsulas running out far from the main-land into the bosom of the lakes, and forming a never-ending variety of straits, bays and harbors of fairy proportions. On many of these, wealthy amateurs, delighted with the fantastic and solitary character of the place, have built ornamental cottages, and thrown picturesque bridges over inlets of the lake.

Interpretation of Dreams.

To dream of a mill stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pairs. To dream that you are lame, is a token that you will get into a hobble. When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit—that is tick. To dream of fire is a sign that, if you are wise, you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water. To dream of walking barefooted denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

ONE-ARMED BILL RUSSELL.

THE TERROR OF TEXAN DUELLISTS.

From Nook's Sunday Times.

One sunny morning in the month of May, 1838, the good people of San Augustine, in Eastern Texas, were surprised by the sudden advent of a stranger of very remarkable appearance, whom none had ever seen or heard of before. His first acts, too, were as singular as his aspect. He went round from house to house, knocked at every door, greeted the astonished keeper with a nod of proud courtesy, and uttered in a sonorous voice the same formula—"To-night there will be a scientific lecture at the Town Hall!" after which, waving all questions and solicitations to further discourse, he invariably retired to perform the like routine at the next residence, and so on, till he had made the circuit of the large village.

The sensation caused by the circumstance can alone be conceived by students deeply versed in the anatomy of human passion. Here was an odor of mystery!—What rich food—ambrosia and nectar—for the organ of wonder! And the worthy San Augustians verified in the present instance, the pithy remark of Tacitus, by literally applying the maxim of "*omne ignotum pro mirifico.*"

The rest of the day was exhausted in wild and fruitless conjectures. Groups of men gathered in the groceries; bevies of fair prattlers collected in the parlor—all essaying to guess out the insolvable problem, "Who can he be?" One thought him a hierophant of the Mormons; another felt sure he was a missionary of the Milerites, with pockets full of detonating powder to consummate the final fire; while a third advocated the hypothesis of a new edition of Lorenzo Dow, and a fourth stood ready to endorse dimas the old one come from the grave. A few only professed scepticism as to the phenomenon; but these were soon hooted out of countenance.

In the evening the town hall was densely crowded—or rather crammed from floor to galleries; while hundreds, unable to gain admittance, urged a state of seige against the doors and windows, in the hope that if they could not see, perhaps they might at least hear—and if nothing else, they enjoyed a great pleasure in being near a stage where something unusual was going on. Expectation was on tip toe, and every heart burned with impatience for the rise of the curtain in the coming show. This restless feeling was heightened by a casual circumstance. The lecturer was seated in his place; but the front frame of the platform, elevated like a pulpit, entirly concealed him from the general veiw. The people become irritated, not so much for his delay in commencing, as because they could not see him. At first, a dozen or two—you may swear the boys began it—struck their canes and stamped their feet against the floor; but the lecturer remained invisible. And then, like the agitation of a beehive disturbed by the impact of an urchin's stone, the universal whisper, before suppressed, grew to a loud hum—the hum of a thousand voices: "It is late! He must know the house is full! Why don't he open?" And yet the stranger continued under cover. Five minutes more elapsed, and the house shook as if falling beneath an avalanche. Men, women, and children conspired to clap, stamp, groan, and shout their show man into visibility, and this time with success.

Sudden as an apparition from eternity, and stern as a creature of the tombs, the stranger towered up to his full height on the platform, and stood motionless, gazing on the sea of upturned faces. The effect was indescribable. A silence followed, deep, almost painful as the stillness of a desert solitude: the "Unknown" had chained their senses, and taken the common reason prisoner as by a spell of magic or of magnetism.

We have stated previously that his appearance was very remarkable. In the thronged streets of a city of millions he would have attracted attention; and all his strongest peculiarities were now revealed to the utmost degree by the brilliant illumination of a hundred candles. This was his picture, as nearly as the pen can paint it:—A form too tall for beauty, and yet spare and bony as a skeleton, if a skeleton indeed might live. The face was of infantine dimensions, marked with sharp angles, with a disproportionate aquiline nose and colorless as the palest marble—literally white as a ghost's—without a tinge of red even on the small iron lips. The forehead was broad, knotty, and projecting over eyes radiant as the gleam of jewels, but wild, wicked, and restless, like points of flame. The features indicated the wear of forty summers, and were surrounded by a circle of long massive hair, hoary as that of an octogenarian. The right arm was of great length, but the left was mutilated within six inches of the shoulder, and thrust into a sleeve only just sufficient to cover the end of its stump. The most striking thing, however, in the appearance of this man was his countenance. It was stamped with the mingled expression of pride, earnestness, genius, and ambition, as with the letters of a seal, while flashing through all came a look of wild grandeur, yet unspeakably mournful, like the light or a dream of the past. Was it the dream of a fallen archangel?

He paused a moment after rising, as if conscious of the effect his *personnel*, had produced, and, waiting to let it settle thoroughly, then began his lecture. His voice possessed the perfection both of music and of power; but his manner seemed, *toto cœle*, different from that of western orators, being calm, passionless, and devoid of gesture while *in this style, though wanting in metaphor, ran* clear as a mountain stream, *every* sentence transparent as crystal. It was the style of a classical scholar—extemporaneous, but correct as the most elaborate manuscript. Such a manner and style may be supposed little suited to that meridian; and yet, strange to say, he held the crowd as in a vice for three hours, speechless with wonder and admiration. His matter did it all.

The subject did not strictly accord with the advertisement. It was not a scientific lecture so much as a general discourse on the theory of education; and he swept the whole field. Now he presented to the astonished auditory a long list of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew roots, or quoted whole pages from Homer and Virgil; and then he would eliminate the unknown quantities in a quadratic equation, working the solution by memory alone.—Anon he soared into the starry regions of astronomy, and brought down a demonstration of Kepler's three laws.—From this he would pass to the revelations of the galvanic battery, and onwards still to the most recondite hypotheses concerning life and intellect, showing all the way how these various branches of knowledge ought to be taught, and how they could be explained so as to render them intelligible to the most juvenile minds.

The San Augustinians were thunderstruck by the sound of so much learning; and at the close of the lecture, one of the most distinguished citizens rose, called the assembly to order, and moved that the lecturer be invited to accept the presidency of their new college.—The motion was received with acclamations; and as the board of trustees were all present, they acted on the matter immediately. It became necessary, however, to ask the stranger certain questions, when the following dialogue was interchanged:

"Would you accept the presidency of our new college?" inquired the chairman.

"What is the salary affixed?" was the rejoinder.

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Then," replied the stranger, "I will take it for one term at that."

"We have not as yet, however," modestly interposed the chairman, "been favored with your name."

"It is William Russell."

"Might I be permitted to inquire," pursued the chairman, timidly, "where you graduated, and what is the character of your diploma? May we see it?"

"I graduated in the great college of nature," replied the stranger, proudly, "and I carry my diploma in my brain. You cannot see it, but I can read it to you!"

This retort elicited a burst of applause. The populace of all countries worship self-educated men; but no competent judge would have believed the stranger to belong to that class. The interlocution then progressed:

"What is your birth-place?" asked the chairman.

"I am an American!" was the haughty reply.

"To what sect do you belong?"

"I believe in God, not in sects," was the stranger's answer. "Question me as to my positive knowledge, not as to my speculative faith—for I teach others only what I know, not what I merely conjecture."

The last reply was like a stone thrown into a nest of hornets. The new college was a Methodist institution, and all the ascetics of that persuasion took affright at the words and tone of the stranger. Their minister moved the postponement of the subject; but this was violently denounced by all those of no religion, as well as by the stragglers of other denominations who had grown weary of the Wesleyan *regime*, hitherto paramount in the country. After an obstinate and angry struggle, the original motion was submitted directly to the assembled people and passed by a majority of two-thirds. The contract was drawn up and signed on the spot, and William Russell was president of the college for one year.

The next week he entered on the duties of his office, and continued to discharge them with consummate ability for some months. In the meanwhile a storm was mustering for his head. The dominant party of Methodists regarded him with distrust and jealousy. He not only was an alien from their communion, but he had been elected in defiance of their opposition; and hence they hated him both as a heretic and as a rival. Accordingly they circulated rumors and excited suspicions against President Russell, whom they nick-named "One-Armed Bill;" and in proof that there must be something wrong in the past history of the man, they pointed triumphantly at the rayless mystery in which it was shrouded. The fact could not be denied; for although he had now been in the village for six months, no one had been able to learn so much as the place of his nativity, or even the house where he lodged, except the night before his advent. He never mailed letters to his friends abroad—if indeed he had friends—and none came to the post-office marked with his address. Save in the college and during college hours, he lived in total seclusion, spending his time in protracted studies, the only inmate of his house being an elderly female servant, apparently deaf and dumb, and like himself a stranger. A few had attempted to draw him into conversation: to such he pleaded the imperious nature of his scientific researches as an excuse; and if they ventured to press the matter further, he bowed them an adieu with a look of stern menace such as none wished to brook again!

In a community like that, such conduct could not fail to create foes, and thus the Methodist recovered their majority, and voted "One-Armed Bill" down. A messenger was dispatched with the order to give up the keys of the college. The president did not reply verbally, but he answered by a most significant gesture. He shook both the keys and the written and authenticated contract in the messenger's face, and then coolly kicked him out of doors!

The next morning, seeing that the law was clearly against them a lynching party was organized to settle the question *vi et armis*. A dozen of their bravest, headed by the minister, marched to the college to turn "the one-armed" out. They took along some buckets of tar and a plentiful supply of feathers. The reador may imagine the astonishment of this "forlorn hope" bent on the extermination of a white-haired cripple, when they found their enemy thoroughly prepared to receive them, and burning with equal impatience for battle. His person literally bristled with knives and other side-arms; his belt held six revolvers, making thirty-six rounds; his right hand grasped a splendid duelling pistol, cocked and presented, while the fellow to it might be seen under the stump of his left arm! He stood in the college door, silent, pale, calm, and sterner than ever, till his foes got within ten paces, when he shouted in tones hoarse enough to wake the dead—"Halt, or I fire!"

And as if paralyzed with awe, they instantly obeyed him. He eyed them a moment with a look of ineffable scorn, and then exclaimed—"you are all cowards; but if you have one brave man among you, go and find him.—Hire him, if you can, to send me a gentleman's challenge—for I hate to shoot dogs! Now go! If you linger one instant I'll make you up into mincemeat for the buzzards!" And with eye-balls blazing like a devil's, he advanced three steps towards them, when the whole gallant troop fled as from the charge of an actual fiend!—They urged as an apology, afterwards, that they were not sufficiently armed: and certain it is, none of the twelve ever got well enough armed to brave again the wrath of "the one-armed."

At this period, a total change developed itself in the character of Russell. He renounced his habits of seclusion, and plunged madly into the excitements of society. He soon became the hero of the grocery, the race-course and of the gaming-table, yet still retaing his place in the college, and assiduously performing its laborous duties. He also enlarged his home-establishment; bought horses and slaves; his popularity appeared boundless; and yet he was so insolent and overbearing that no one could really love him. He cared not, for everybody feared him.

At length the term of his presidency expired. The treasurer of the college refused to pay his salary for the last quarter. "One-Armed Bill" took a cowhide in his right hand and a cocked pistol under his left stump, and tapped at the door of the treasurer's dwelling. The money was counted out! Amos Wells, a famous duellist, and brother-in-law of the treasurer, *emb

DEATH OF GENERAL JOHN McNEIL.

Another gallant soldier is gone! It is with great regret that we record the death of the distinguished officer whose name is at the head of this obituary, who died at the Irving House in this city on the 23d instant, of pulmonary conjestion, in the 66th year of his age.

General McNeil was one of the surviving officers of the war of 1812, through the whole of which he served with great credit and distinction. He was born at Hillsborough, N. H., and entered the army with the rank of Captain in 1812. In 1814 he was attached to the first brigade, command by General Scott, which crossed the Niagara river and encountered the enemy at Chippewa; in which engagement, so glorious to the American arms, he led the 11th regiment into action, and was opposed to the elite of the British army, composed of the Peninsular veterans under the command of the Marquis of Tweedale. His regiment was in the van, and was supported by the regiment commanded by Major (now Major General) Jesup. After crossing Street's creek, they deployed into line within thirty paces of the enemy, and the order was given, "Give them the cold steel." At this juncture the voice of McNeil was heard in tones of thunder, (he was of gigantic stature,) and every British soldier might have heard the words, "Give it to them, boys!" The enemy soon broke and fled, and the victory was complete.

Subsequently, at Bridgewater, McNeil went again with Scott's brigade into action; and in the face of a British batery of nine guns in full activity, the American force deployed into line as if on parade duty; but so destructive was the fire from the battery, that in forty-five minutes the brigade sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and was obliged to give ground. During the conflict the voice of McNeil, like that of a roaring lion, was heard high above the din of battle. He rallied his own regiment as well as the 22nd, commanded by Colonel Brady, who had fallen severely wounded. At this moment his horse was killed under him by a cannon ball, and he received himself two wounds from canister shot, one in the right knee and the other in the left leg. General Jesup, who was also present, was severely wounded about the same time.

General McNeil recovered from his wounds, was retained in the army at the close of the war, served on the Lakes and the Mississippi until he was ordered to a school of practice at Jefferson Barracks, from which he was detached in 1829 as commissioner to negociate a treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians. Having performed that service, he came to Washington to close the duties of his mission, and afterwards, on account of the disability he labored under in consequence of the wounds he had received at Bridgewater, he resigned his military commission. Subsequently, and without solicitation, he received the appointment of Surveyor on the port of Boston, the duties of which he discharged until removed in 1841. He was restored in 1845, and remained in office until his death; and but a few hours before it he had the positive assurance of that gallant old soldier whom he had commanded, President Taylor, that nothing could prevail upon him to displace him. But, as he observed to an old army friend, this visit to this city was his last march; and soon after the remark was made he resigned his breath, with the same fortitude and composure that had marked his bearing on the bloody fields of Chippewa and Bridgewater.—*Washington Globe.*

A Distressing Case.—A day or two since, an accomplished young lady of this city, who was admired by a wide spread circle of friends, died from the rupture of a blood vessel, induced by circumstances almost indescribably painful. It appears that a young gentleman (a widower) had been paying his addresses to her for some months, and finally the day was set apart when the nuptial ceremony was to take place. It appears, however, that the widower had promised his first wife, on her death bed, that he never would get married again; but when time had soothed his feelings consequent upon so painful a bereavement, he forgot his vow, fell in love with the young lady, and went so far as to agree upon a final engagement with her. On reflection, the death of his wife and the sacred vow he had made, flashed on his memory. Accordingly, with feelings best known to himself, he wrote a letter setting forth the facts, and expressed his determination not to comply with the engagement he had made with the young lady in question. She received the missive, carefully perused it, read it over and over again; horror chilled her frame, she suddenly became raving crazy, and after living a maniac for only three hours from the receipt of the letter, she burst a main blood vessel, and fell a corpse. Thus perished a fine, talented and accomplished young lady of Philadelphia, one who was beloved by all who knew her.—*Sun.*

Robbery and Extraordinary Disclosures.—On last Thursday evening the desk of Messrs. Derickson & Fuller, Chestnut street, was robbed of about $300. The theft was committed just before dark, and was discovered in a short time. Suspicion fell upon a youth of this place, who had been in the store during the evening, and he was apprehended. After an examination he was discharged, and, by some arrangement, the money was restored to its rightful owners. During the progress of the investigation, he implicated two young men of respectable connexions in town, in the burning of McFayden's stable and the robbery of Messrs. Bartle & Forsythe's store, which took place a few weeks since. These two young men were immediately arrested and on Friday morning were brought before Justice Tucker for a hearing. After the examination of a number of witnesses, *pro* and *con*, they were remanded to prison to await their trial, upon the charge of arson and larceny.

The disclosures have created an intense excitement, as the persons charged with these serious offences are not only respectably connected in our community, but they have also hitherto been free from any charge inimical to their honesty. It is hoped they may be able to relieve themselves from the terrible charge preferred against them. As matters now stand, we do not feel at liberty to recite, or comment upon, the evidence upon either side. Their trial will probably take place at the April court.—*Crawford Democrat.*

Where is the Wilderness?—At the beginning of this century it was in Ohio and Indiana. Twenty-five years afterwards it wat in Michigan, Wisconsin, &c. Last year it was in Minnesota Territory. Next year we will have to seek it in Nebraska and around the lake of the Woods.

Where the Steamboat goes, there the wilderness disappears. And the steamboat is soon to startle the Indian and wake the echoes of the forest above the falls of St. Anthony; for a boat is now building there, which the St. Paul's "Chronicle and Register of the 10th January says is "rapidly progressing." The time for launching her has even been fixed—"as soon as thetiver is clear of ice." The builder hails from Bangor, Maine, the opposite extremity of the Union due east, and is said to be "a highly skillful workman." The dimensions of the craft are 108 feet keel, 120 feet deck, 25 feet beam, and will draw twelve inches light. The machinery is in course of construction at Bangor, and will be at the Falls by the opening of navigation.

Steam navigation, "river trade," above the Falls of St. Anthony! Poetry may as well gather up its garments and emigrate from *this* land, unless it can be content to find its themes in the worshop and the crowded street.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A Bad-looking Fellow.—Many years ago, a certain jolly judge in Central Ohio was holding a term of court, when a horse-thief, of most villainous aspect was arraigned before him. Horse-thieves in those days were looked upon with especial disfavor, and unfortunately for this particular culprit, he wore a mighty bad countenance. In fact his face condemned him at once. The judge was wrathful, and thus addressing the prisoner at the bar, much to the amusement of the court-room—"*Hold up your head you cussed 'ornary pup! look the court in the eye.*"

Teaching Morals to the Indians.—A correspondent of the Ottowa *Free Trader*, giving an account of his journey to California, says that his company were saluted cordially by the Indians with "How de do, whoa haw, G—d d—n you!" These he says, were the words most in use by the ox-drivers, and had been caught up by the poor Indians, and given as a welcome to the whites. Although some of our readers may see in the latter portion of this salutation a good index to the hidden feelings which prompt a certain class of "how de dos," among highly civilized nations, we think, taken as a whole, it comports better with the policy of our government towards the poor Indians. The whites are first permitted to damn them with whiskey; then follows the "how de do" "talks" of the government agents, in which, like so many cattle, they are "whoa howed" away from their hunting grounds and into the wilderness.

Affairs at Washington.—The Baltimore Sun's Washington correspondent writes under date of Feb. 27th:

I am happy to inform you that an arrangement has been made whereby the northern members agree to abandon the project of forcing the California measure by the gag rules. It was well known that the attempt would endanger the quiet of the House for some time to come, and whether it succeeded or not, would retard and obstruct any plan of compromise.

The northern members are well convinced that their movement last Monday week was premature and indiscreet. The resistance of the minority was conservative and proper, and will be resorted to again, whenever it may be necessary to check the arbitrary and oppressive conduct of the majority.

Mr. Doty's resolution, accompanied by a bill for the admission of California, is now before the committee of the whole House on the state of the Union, for a full discussion. This is the proper mode of relieving anxiety and calming the excitement both in the House and in the country.

Next Monday, when Mr. Doty's resolution comes up as unfinished business, it will be withdrawn or passed over by consent.

So, the imminent and pressing danger alluded to in the Senate, on Monday, has been averted.

With the prospect which we have before us of a wise, rational, constitutional, and practical plan of compromise from Mr. Webster, and signs of a better disposition on the part of the House, we may congratulate ourselves upon having safely passed the crisis. Unless some untoward events should happen we shall, in three months, see land.

From the Washington correspondence of the Pittsburgh Journal, Feb. 27.

I have heard that the speech which has been prepared by Mr. Calhoun is more moderate in its tone than will be pleasing to some of his friends. If it be so, it may be attributed to his illness. He may have improved the hours of gloom and seclusion in reflecting on the events and questions in which he has heretofore taken a prominent part; and the result of his reflections may be made manifest to the world in the subdued tone of the coming speech.

Movements towards a compromise have been made to-day in the House. Mr Doty submitted a bill which leaves the right to the soil open to such regulations as Congress may hereafter impose. Mr. Green, of Missouri, indicated an intention to move an amendment, embracing an extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific.

Mr. Toombs, who was entitled to the floor, yielded it for the propositions communicated; and this warrants the supposition that there was some previous understanding on the subject.

From these symptoms we have ground for the inference that the difficult question will yet be settled without a resort to violence; without any disturbance of the tranquility or permanence of the Union.

Mr. Toombs made a strong argumentative speech to-day, which was attentatively listened to by all the members, who left their seats and crowded round the speaker. I think it was expected that he would adopt a very intemperate tone, and throw some light on the rumor of intended violence on Monday. He charged a portion of the North with paying more respect to the ordinance of 1787, than they did to their book of common prayer. He admitted the right of California, after her admission, to determine for herself whether she would have slavery or not. But he was not disposed to admit her accept on some principle which would protect the rights and property of the South.

Mr. Toombs was replied to by Mr. Baker, of Illinois, who advocated the admission of California among the States of the Union.

From the same correspondent, dated Feb. 28.

On the subject of the all-absorbing question before Congress, I think I may congratulate you and your readers on the brightning prospect of a compromise which will restore harmony. I am inclined to think that Mr. Doty's resolution, instructing the Committee on Territories to report a bill for the admission of California, is superseded by the bill introduced by Mr. Doty yesterday, and which, was received, without objection, and read amidst a general silence. Mr. Doty will probably withdraw his peremptory resolution on Monday, and thus do away with all pretext for the violent scene which had been apprehended.

The speeches of Mr. Baker, and Mr. McLane, yesterday, show that the feeling which gave rise to the fear is cooling down. Indeed, there is an evident and beneficial change in the tone of Southern and Northern members to-day, which seems to confirm the impression that the danger is rapidly passing away.

The proceedings to-day have been comparatively uninteresting. The members seem to have become listless as the danger of an excitement recedes.

Kidnapping.—The Cooperstown (N. Y.) Journal of Saturday tells rather a queer story, the substance of which is that a Mr. Lyman Stevens, of Oakesville, was seized several nights since, as he was going home on foot, and thrust into a sleigh, occupied by five men, who conveyed him some miles, but finally turned him out, to get home as best he could; making some remarks which induced him to suppose he was the "wrong man." He was kept at the bottom of the sleigh, while the men had him, and menaced with death if he made any outcry. He has no idea of the motive which led to his capture, nor can the neighbors imagine for whom the outrage was intended.

Sowing in the Wilderness.—Mr. Pool formerly a citizen of this county, who left in the Fort Smith emigration last spring for California, writes back that the company to which he belonged found in the deserts or *jornades* through which they passed, on the Rio Gila, an abundance of the *Musquito Bean*. He says that these beans were planted by Col. Cook during his march in 1846. They have been springing up and spreading ever since; and it is his opinion, that in a few years these deserts will be covered with them, and furnish sustenance "for man and beast" to any number of emigrants.—*Van Buren, Ark., Intel.*

Unfortunate Accident.—On last Saturday morning, Miss McCalmont and Miss Robinson, two young ladies on a visit to, and relatives of, Prof. Geo. W. Clark, of this place, in company with Mr. Geo, W. Clark, a Student of Allegheny College, were going to Sugerstown in a light wagon. In decending the steep hill beyond Mr. McCall's farm, the wagon slid upon the ice and upset the party over the road side, down a frightful precipice.—Miss McCalmont evidently was much injured, but as it is of an internal nature, it is difficult to know its full extent. Her life was at one time considered in imminent danger; it is now, however, hoped she may recover. Miss Robinson, had her collar bone fractured, and was much bruised; although suffering severely, her injuries are not of a dangerous character. Mr. Clark is confined to his room, being considerably bruised, but not seriously injured. A little son of Prof. Clark, who was along at the time of the accident, escaped unhurt.—*Crawford Democrat.*

In a Fix.—A gentleman removed to our State last spring, and left his wife at New Orleans. He afterwards received a letter stating that she had died of cholera. In December last he again married a lady in one of our interior villages. He is a tavern-keeper. On Monday evening last, a gentleman and his wife stopped at his inn. In the morning they came down to breakfast, when the landlord discovered that she bore the face and features of his first love. Instead of the cholera taking her off, it proved to be a disease of an equally prevalent character of late. They had an inteview. The landlord treated her very pleasantly as his guest, and the next day hitched up his team and took them to the care, leaving them to pursue their journey to Minnesota.—*Detroit Tribune.*

$500 Reward—Mysterious Disappearance.—Captain Matthew Turner, of the schr. G. R. Roberts, left this city for Geneva, Ashtabula county, Ohio, on the 6th of December last.

On the following day, his name was registered upon the book at the Commercial Hotel, Detroit, since which time no tidings of him are received; and although inquiry and search have been unremitted, no trace of Captain Turner has been discovered.

He was known to have with him a considerable sum of money, as also the books of the schooner, and fears are entertained that he has met with a violent death.

His father and brother, Messrs. George and H. N. Turner, offer a reward of five hundred dollars, for the discovery and arrest of the perpetrators of the deed, and proportionately for any intelligence which may lead to a kowledge of the fate of a son and brother.—*Chicago Democrat.*

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH, 9, 1850.

BUFFALO CHARTER ELECTION!—GREAT DEMOCRATIC VICTORY!!—We have the pleasure of announcing a brilliant victory achieved by the Democracy of Buffalo, at their charter election, on Tuesday last, by the election of that eloquent Democrat, Hon. H. K. Smith, as Mayor, by about *four hundred* majority.—Judge Smith was removed from the Buffalo post office last spring by this "*no party*" *administration* because he was a Democrat—*now* his fellow citizens have elected him Mayor because they *know him!* Thus from time to time, are the people condemning the proscriptive policy, and broken pledges of "Zachary Washington," and his cabinet. Buffalo has been a whig city for some years, and the rebuke is thus the more striking and gratifying.

PROPELLER TROY BURNED.—The propeller Troy, owned by Messrs. Moore, Dobbins & Co., of this city, was burnt at our Dock on Thursday evening. The fire was discovered about nine o'clock, bursting from the forward cabin windows, and in a short time the whole upper works were in flames. By the exertions of our efficient fire department, and the prompt aid of many of our citizens, it was finally subdued so as to save the hull without much damage. We do not know how much the loss will be. She cost from $20,000 to 25,000, and had only been run one season. The owners had a partial insurance, but how much we are unable to learn—in any event the loss will provo heavy to them. She had been repaired and refitted for the season business, and part of her furniture removed on board. How the fire originated we have not learned.

☞ We have not room this week to notice the *Gazette's* defence of its course on the proviso. We may have something to say hereafter. We know such matters, like hot cakes, are best when eaten warm, but our Paris letter and other matters in type, prevents our attending to this now.

The "Baker" Concert.—Those inimitable vocalists, the "Bakers," sung to the largest house ever yet drawn together, for a similar purpose, in this city. Every nook and corner of the spacious Hall of the Reed House was filled; and in all that vast concourse we doubt whether there was one who was not enchanted with the evening's entertainment. The "Bakers" sung to a small Erie audience about four years since. We were one of the fortunate few who then went to hear them, and although we thought them superior to any we had ever listened to, we are free to say that their performance on Friday night gave evidence that four years of training and travel had not been lost, or unimproved. There were the same voices—the same deep and grand *basso*—the same sweet and thrilling *soprano of the lady*—the same delightful harmony, and clear and distinct enunciation, which so preeminently distinguished them and charmed us before—but yet how much improved by judicious cultivation. We trust it is not the last time we shall have the pleasure of listening to these charming musical artists.

☞ *The whigs are to hold a meeting this evening to nominate candidates for city offices.* From the number of patriots willing and anxious to serve their fellow citizens in the capacity of public servants, we should not be surprised to see "a we hit of a row." At any rate we can safely warn our town readers that *there's fun ahead, sure!*

Legislative.—We have nothing of interest from Harrisburgh this week. Legislation "draws its slow length along," with the same snail-like pace of old. Private bills, and petitions for all manner of private matters, are the order of the day from the commencement of the week to the close. When, however, any thing *does happen* of interest to our readers, they can rest assured we'll duly "make a note of it."

What does it Mean?—In the proceedings of the House, on the 25th ult. we find under the head of "Bills Introduced," the following:

"Mr. REID, a bill to incorporate the Erie and Edinboro plank road company."

What does this mean? A bill to incorporate the "Erie and Edenboro plank road company," was passed, and became a law, at the last session; and the charter, as will be seen by our advertising columns, has been received, and a company about to be organized under it. What *then does this proposal to pass another bill, to build* another road, over the same route, mean? Will some one acquainted with the mysteries of whigery answer?

Mr. Editor:—I recently observed a notice in several of the papers published in Erie, stating that sealed proposals would be received at the Commissioners' Office, for the erection of a building for Jail purposes, agreeable to plans and specifications. I am informed that the Commissioners have closed their arduous session for the present, and that they have allotted the work proposed to be done, to certain individuals whose sealed bids were several thousand dollars higher than other competent competitors. Should you, Mr. Editor, possess the desired information, it would be gratifying to your numerous readers to ascertain by what modern agency, or gerrymandering process they have been enabled to discharge their official duties, in thus deviating from long established and honorable principles. An Enquirer.

Erie, March 4, 1850.

The above was handed us with a request that we insert it as a communication, but as we should not like to insert as such, to do so as an advertisement and make a charge for it. We prefer to lay it before our readers as a communication, as it gives an opportunity for a remark or two for the benefit of those who feel themselves agrieved by the action of the County Commissioners. We understand the communication to be the united complaint of most of those who were unsuccessful in their bids for the work, and shall therefore treat it as such.

First, however, in reply to "Inquirer's" desire for light in regard to the action the county commissioners on the bids for the Jail, we have to reply that we are not in the possession of the information desired. We are not in the secrets of the "Court House clique"—we are not versed in the mysteries of Erie county financial gerrymandering or favoritism—but if the transaction is as "Inquirer" alledges, and as we have been otherwise informed, we have no hesitation in saying that those officers deserve the severest censure and condemnation. While we say this, *justice* demands that we should also say that we have no sympathy for those who *now* feel themselves agrieved. They have year after year, helped to exclude every man from the slightest participation in our county affairs who did not avow an implicit—nay, a *religious* belief in the political dogmas and party acts of this same "Court House clique." Verily they have *now* their reward.

But this is not what we wished to call the attention of the gentleman to who, through the medium of *our columns*, seek to direct public attention to this transaction; this squandering of the *people's* money upon political favorites. Were all our citizens of their way of thinking, and their way of acting, there would be no "*Observer*" for them to appeal through for redress; for be it known that, so far as we are aware, our business has never been a shilling better off from their patronage. On the contrary, we might have starved, or begged, or stolen, and thus became a fit subject for the tenement over the contract of which they are now grumbling, for aught they knew or cared. We advocated the cardinal principles of the national Democracy, consequently they could not *encourage* us with their patronage. Take the "Observer," indeed! and thus encourage "lo-co-fo-co" "abuse" of the great whig party! No, sir! not they! It did not matter—though we might advocate with commendable zeal all the projected local improvements for the advancement and *prosperity of their town*—we *differed* with them politically, and that was enough.

We do not allude to this matter in a complaining spirit—(thanks to the Democracy, and many *liberal* minded *whigs*, our patronage is constantly increasing)—but to show these gentlemen that, if their policy had been adopted by *all*, they would now be without any medium of reaching the public ear! We trust this will teach them that a Democratic paper may sometimes be useful, even to whigs!

WHAT PARTY IS RESPONSIBLE?

The question, what party is responsible for the present excited state of the slavery question? is susceptible of but one answer; and that answer is—*the whigs!* Upon this point the Boston *Times* remarks: At the time of the nomination of General Taylor for the presidency, the slavery question was, as it is at this moment, the most prominent matter in dispute among the people of the *United States*. The democratic party presented to the voters of the nation a candidate who had avowed certain clear and specific views on the slavery question; and it was well known that, if he were elected, the dispute would be as good as settled; for to each new State would have been left the choice of its own industrial institutions—a mode of settlement at once statesmanlike and in accordance with the genius of our institutions—statesmanlike, because it took out of the political arena a question promotive of strife, of ill-blood, and of a sentiment in certain quarters that might cause the Union to become either a rope of sand or a chain of iron, rather than to remain a bond of love, and in accordance with American principles, as it confided to the people themselves the settlement of a controversy in which alone they were interested. Such was the position of the democratic party, and of its illustrious candidate, who was the true representative—*the imbodiment, as it were, and exponent* of its principles. On the other side, no man could tell what were the opinions of General Taylor on this vitally important question. At the North, he was claimed to be the most friendly to "free soil" of either of the candidates before the people, because he was the choice of a party which had distinguished itself by the warmth with which it had denounced, through a long series of years, the acquisition of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and every other act that has been generally popular in the slave States, and which had courted the alliance of all abolitionists, from Mr. Garrison downward, in the hope of obtaining their assistance at local and national elections in the free States—denouncing the democracy as "dough-faces," "bootlicks," "tools of the slave power," "minions of the South," &c., &c., because they had faithfully adhered to the terms on which the Union had been formed. While this was going on in the North, the South was assured that General Taylor, by virtue of his position as a slaveholder, was the most reliable man that could be found to uphold southern interests. The consequence was, that Vermont and Georgia, Florida and Connecticut—Phelps and Berrien, Truman Smith and Cabell—all were found on the Taylor platform, though the poorest slave on a southern plantation does not differ more in social position from Mr. Abbott Lawrence than these gentlemen *profess* to differ from each other on the question of slavery. The cheat worked well at the time. It gave victory to the whig banner, and "spoils" to a crowd of gaunt and hungry wolves, howling with madness, superinduced by a forced abstinence of twenty years' duration.

It failed, however, to place the successful party in a position where their moral power should be such as would enable them to settle the slavery question, if not to the satisfaction of all—which no man ever expected to see—at least in some manner that would command the support of three-fourths of the people, and compel the assent, however unwillingly given, of the remaining fourth. It was tainted by the fraud that had caused its being, from the very outset of its existence; and the time that should have been devoted to the formation of statesmanlike plans has been absorbed by political huckstering tricks, made necessary by the perpetration of the great and original trick of all. The labor that should have been bestowed on the slavery dispute has been wasted in attempts to keep together a ricketty cabinet, having no other bond of union and prospect of continuance than the greedy desire of its members for pelf, and their determination never to leave fat offices until they shall have been kicked from them, resolute to submit to any humiliation, however abject, before giving up the enjoyment of the proverbial sweets of quarter-day.

How different would have been the position of the whig party had they placed Mr. Clay in nomination in 1848, when, from the foolish divisions that existed in the democratic ranks, there was something more than a reasonable chance of electing him! Every man in the country knew what his opinions were on the subject of slavery; and whether he or Gen. Cass had been chosen, there would have been a plain and unequivocal verdict on the question, which would have been decided on the merits of the plans respectively supported by the candidates, and without any destruction arising from false issues made on the basis of letters which were supposed to be lying snugly in Mr. Lawrence's breeches pocket. In either case, the initiative would have been taken by the administration, and not have been left, as it has been by the existing cowardly, selfish, and unstatesmanlike concern, to be taken by an individual senator, how great soever his talents or commanding his position. The people look to the government for action, for marked demonstration of power in periods of emergency, and not for simple forbearance from acts of any kind. The President of the United States was intended to be an active, useful, and powerful magistrate, and neither a Venetian Doge, nor what Napoleon said the Grand Elector of France would have been under the Abbe Sioyes's last constitution—a great hog, to grow fat at the expense of the country.—*Why is it that Gen. Taylor cannot fulfil the duties of his* station, so clearly pointed out in the constitution—so palpable to every man of ordinary discernment? It is because his presidency is the consequence of a triumphant falsehood, and he has no place whereon to stand, from which to move the world of opinion. The great, and rich, and intellectually-endowed whig party can do nothing—is powerless as a band of lawless plunderers. Its standards float the sky, but are not the emblems of power.

"Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state."

"Westward the star of Empire takes her way."—By the politeness of a St. Louis friend, we had upon our table this week, copies of the "*Oregon Spectator*," published at Oregon City, Oregon territory, every other week, and "*The New Mexican*," published at Santa Fe, New Mexico, weekly. In addition to this evidence of the western flight of empire, we see by our exchanges that the prospectus for a new paper away up in Nebraska Territory has been issued by Ella A. Chappel, a lady pronounced by those who know her to be a sound and excellent writer. The paper is to be called The Mountain Bugle, and to be published at Council Bluffs.

A Good Hit.—Bradford county, in this state, is not alone destined to become famous as the residence of that great "*proviso*" humbug, Davy Wilmot. A petition was presented to our legislature the other day, from a school district, in that county, which contained decidedly the *best hit* of the season. It enclosed "seven pieces of paper," *the disposal of which* was under consideration in Durell school district. Each piece of paper has upon its face a promise to pay five dollars to the bearer, by the "Towanda Bank," an institution, says the memorial, "created by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and duly authorized to send forth said paper and call it *money*.—No person being found to redeem said paper, and it being a part of the dividend of funds belonging to sub-district No. 1, in Durell school district! it was put into the hands of the person who signs the memorial, "to be sent back to its birthplace, as an evidence of the folly of like institutions, and to give some reasons why like institutions should receive no countenance at the hands of the present legislature." Some reasons are then given against re-chartering banks, and it winds up as follows: "What purports to be $35—is herein enclosed, to be paid over as the daily wages of any member who may be found advocating the erection or sustaining of banks on similar footing, and he has no right in justice to take exceptions to the coin he advocates."

☞ It has at length been ascertained, says the Rochester *American*, that the late "mysterious knockings" in that city, were caused by the departed spirits of the Free Soilers rapping on the Buffalo Platform.—*Gazette.*

We have heard since it was caused by the departed spirit of Clay's Presidential aspirations, which were so inhumanly murdered at the Philadelphia slaughter-house convention, in 1848.

☞ The difficulty between Col. Davis, of Mississippi, and Col. Bissel, out of which it was feared a duel would grow, has been honorable adjusted.

Rough Notes in Europe.

[Correspondence of the Erie Observer.]

Paris, Feb. 7, 1850.

Dear Frank:—More than *two months* have rolled away since the date of my last letter, and Paris is no longer new. You should have heard from me ere this, had not the mails failed to bring me the Observer. The last steamer, however, made up for all deficiencies, as it gave me four numbers, and right welcome they were too. To one far from home the familiar face of a newspaper is the *next best* thing to a letter, for it carries the mind directly back to things one loves to dwell upon. Every line tells a tale of its own, and the whole is read—even to the advertisements,—with a pleasure that no one can appreciate who has not been placed in similar circumstances. Speaking of advertising; there is very little of it done here through the medium of the newspapers; but placards adorn the walls, in some cases even the second story, telling the passers of all the wonderful things to be found in such and such places. The humbugs—Cash Principles—Engines—Locomotives—Scrofulas—Consumptions, &c., &c., are wholly American, and speak to me as directly of home, as the portrait of a friend. I almost fancied I was once more on the shores of the Lake.

Old *Winter has visited* this part of the world with unwonted severity this year. The snow has fallen twice, to the depth of four or five inches in Paris, a thing unknown for many years, and far from desirable. The railways and other routes have been obstructed, and in all the Departments the cold has been intense. Many persons have been found frozen to death, and the papers frequently contain accounts of the inroads of wolves and the loss of many lives by them.

I was surprised when the first snow fell to see men busy in all quarters of the city removing it, but I soon saw the propriety of such a course. In the first place, *it renders the pavements so slippery that it is almost impossible* for the horses to drag the hundrds of omnibusses, and carts, and drays, and cabs, which are compelled to be constantly on the move. Then again the streets are so narrow, and the houses so high, that there can be no reasonable hope of a heavy snow's thawing for a month; neither will the same reasons allow of much frost, so there is one continual mass of mud and half-thawed snow which renders the walking undisputably miserable. Under any circumstance, the streets (none of the pleasantest at any time) are as much like a well as anything else. A fall of snow is unquestionably a great nuisance here, and to get rid of it, hundreds of men and carts were employed night and day. Most of it was taken to the "Quai" and thrown into the Seine, but yesterday I saw a pile of it "as large as the Market House," in an out of the way place. Now the streets are wholly clear, though the weather is still cold, and the general wish is that there may be no more.

Speaking of the streets naturally leads one to think of the sewerage of the city. No city in the world can have a better provision in this particular than Paris. Their extent must be enormous, and if they only had houses in those subterranean regions, one might find quite a city below ground. They are by no means uninhabited either, for men are constantly in them in search of everything valuable that may find its way there. These men and the rats hold possession, and manage to live peaceably together, excepting once a year when the men declare war upon their four-footed brethren and kill thousands. *This hunt took place last month, and half a million of* the "varmints" were bagged, to use the language of sportsmen. Paris has been, for a long time, infested with rats, and all means have been tried to destroy them; none of which seem to answer as well as these annual hunts. I have heard some singular stories of these animals, at Montfaucon:—among the rest one of a house which contained so many that no one could live in it excepting they enlisted in their cause, a monster rat (whom they called "Napoleon"), and a band of a hundred troops who, were under his command and obeyed his will most implicitly. As long as himself and companions were well fed they contested the ground with their brethren, and always drove them away. Many a story is told of the feats of "Napoleon" and his band, but I vouch for the truth of none of them, nor indeed of what I have said above, though it was told me by a Frenchman, who ought to know, and he said it was true. The old house has since been blown up, because the number of rats there rendered it uninhabitable. Montfaucon is the place where all the worn out horses of the city were formerly taken and killed; 16,000 were annually destroyed there—the skins, the blood and bones of whichwere sold for different purposes. All this is now done at an adjacent village.

Politics is rather out of my sphere, but one cannot reside in any country without feeling some interest in governmental matters—more especially is this the case in regard to France, whose political condition seems to be far from settled. The "Reds" and the "Whites" represent the two extremes of public feeling. The first are the ultras—republicans—socialists—men, who have *neither character nor property to loose*, and who consequently are anxious for a new revolution, hoping thereby to come in for a share of the good things of this world without earning them by the "sweat of their brows." They hold that the revolution did not go far enough, and one of their papers says that the peace of France demands the sacrifice of 50,000 heads. This kind of medication has been practised pretty extensively, in bye gone days upon *la belle* France, seemingly with but little benefit. One would think that now they might be willing to try Homœopathy in the premises, but they know too little of its virtues to render such a course at all probable. Should this party again obtain the lancet, they will not scruple to use it. The "Whites," or "Legitimists," are those who desire a restoration of the Monarchy. *Some support the cause of the Bourbons, and some of* the Orleans family. Between these two parties stands a third—the "Blues"—who desire quiet, and are wearied of revolutions and the insecurity of life and property necessarily attendant upon them. The first of these parties is by far the most violent, and for this reason they have nothing to loose. The only thing that keeps them in check is the army and police. They hold meetings notwithstanding the efforts of the police to prevent them, and here the most violent revolutionary doctrines are promulgated. But a few days since a priest was fined 1,000 francs, and sentenced to six months imprisonment for saying at one of these meetings that the President was a traitor and that the people "must do justice upon him." On his trial he made a speech in which he defended the right of the clergy to mingle in politics, and said that "christianity and socialism go hand in hand for the amelioration of suffering humanity." Amid these conflicting opinions the government moves on, each day developing some new feature which looks any other than republican. Within a few days an agent of police has been stationed in each bureau of the Post Office to exercise a supervision over the public journals. If anything appears in them calculated to excite the public mind they are seized and destroyed. The "trees of liberty," which were planted in all quarters of the city after the Revolution of '48, have been cut down by the police under the protext that they obstructed circulation. The "Reds" are quite indignant at this, and say "it is an insult to the Republic." They endeavored to raise disturbances *while some of the trees were being felled*, but could not succeed. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which were upon every public building of the city, have disappeared from the residence of the President. At his balls, too, they have introduced the same dances which were fashionable during the Empire; and now, as then, the old aristocracy will not attend the parties given at the "Elysee." Louis Napolian's organ has a great deal to say of the "Napoleonic idea," which I suppose means that all the power should be vested, first in France, and then be given to one man. Putting all these things together it is not very difficult to see that the end is not yet.

I have given you this short sketch of parties here, hoping it may prove interesting, and enlighten you somewhat as to the state of public feeling. Another thing may be news to you; the Austrians and Prussians are marching a large body of troops upon Switzerland with the avowed object of preventing the Hungarians from seeking refuge there. These powers likewise have requested France to march a body of troops upon Geneva to act in cooperation with theirs, but I do not know whether she will accede or not.

The French are the greatest people to get up caricatures I ever heard of. All the public men come in for their share. Theirs suffers particularly, and the charivari ought to give him a pension for affording them so many different subjects. Soulouque, (the Emperor of Hayti,) has been worth money in the same way. One of the best of these things that I have seen, represented a school-boy, who had fallen into the water and sustained himself by the branch of a tree, while his teacher stood on the bank giving a lecture instead of helping him out. It was after one of La Fontaine's fables, and was very appropriate, as it was applied. The water represented socialism in which France (the boy) was in danger of perishing. The branch came from "order" (the tree) and was on the point of breaking. The "teacher" represented a member of the National Assembly, who choose to deliver an oration instead of laboring for the good of his country. A good application of the fable, was it not?

France, notwithstanding the immense sacrifices she has made for liberty, (and no country has made greater) seems not yet to have obtained the object of her striving. The paper gives out, so I must say adieu.

DOCTEUR.

P. S.—According to the opinion of some there can be no letter without a postscript; and partly in accordance with this idea, but more particularly to tell you of a little "*emeute*," of which I have just heard, do I take my pen this evening. It appears that a large pile of paving stones had been placed around one of the "trees of liberty," in the upper part of the city, which the police commenced removing yesterday morning, preparatory to cutting down the tree. The time necessarily employed in doing this allowed quite a crowd to accumulate, and they concluded to save the tree; in furtherance of this plan they made an attack upon the police, and forced them to retire from the ground. But the police, not caring "to give it up so, Mr. Brown," rallied some hundred of their corps, and returned to the attack. In the mean time the crowd had armed themselves with sticks of wood and stones, and whatever else they could lay their hands upon, and were very careless in the way they used them. One of the police received a severe blow in the face which so enraged him that he drew his sword and stabbed his assailant in the neck, wounding him so severely that he will die. Two others were likewise wounded but not mortally. A company of soldiers were upon the ground in a few minutes, and fifteen or twenty thousand people collected to see the fun. All the streets in the neighborhood were completely blocked up and several hours passed before order could be restored. Bands of soldiers patrolled the streets during the night, and hundreds of "Blouses" collected to watch their favorite tree, and dance around it, and sing the Marsallies. I suppose, however, nothing will come of it. The tree will disappear quietly, and the people find something new to excite them. They have not the stern determination to resist oppression which carried victory with it in so many of the struggles of the Anglo Saxons. One thing too compels the people to keep quiet—that is want of arms. The Government is so jealous in this particular that it has disbanded many thousands of the National Guard. This body was too nearly related, and had too many sympathies with the lower classes to be left with arms in their hands. Every possible precaution is taken in this particular. The artillery, even, is placed nearly a hundred miles from Paris, with the exception of a few pieces which remain in the different forts. The papers this morning were filled with accounts of the disturbance—each one varying in color from the other, according to its predilections for the "Red," "Blue," or "White." All seems quiet now, however.

But enough of Wars and rumors of Wars for the present; and since I have acquired a little paper, by means of this postscript, I shall give you a continuation of my experience. Perhaps the most interesting (because the most necessary) subject is that commonly known as eating. The change from home living and regular hours for meals, to the French way of breakfasting in a cafe, and dining at a restaurant is very great. The substitute one gets here for the sociable family breakfast is, at first, anything but satisfactory. But after a time one becomes accustomed to it and something seems wanting if you have not read half a dozen or a dozen papers while you sipped your coffee. On the whole, however, I would be willing to forego the mental feast *for one morning* provided some kind genius would engage to seat me before a certain plate of buckwheat cakes that I dreamed of the other night. That is a delicate subject, so we will move along to dinner. This meal is not eaten in Paris until four, or five, or six; and, as I told you before, you can get it for any price. You find game here from all parts of Europe, but it costs a mint of money, and so indeed do all edibles. For this reason everything that can be eaten is brought into requisition. You will see in the market birds no larger than a walnut, and the other day I saw a species of hawk hanging at the door of a restaurant, probably as a temptation to the French palate. Meats, however are a luxury that the poor know but little of from actual experience. The nearest they get to it is a soup made from bones and filled out with vegetables. Fried potatoes are their "stand-by," and every day I pass an old woman's *frying-pan* (which is affected with an everlasting *frizzle*) from which proceeds a stream of men, women, and children, each with a sou's worth of potatoes and salt wrapped in paper, done up in the shape of a "horn of plenty." Two sous' worth of wine and one of bread completes the meal. The cause of these high prices, is the duty that has to be paid upon all articles of consumption upon entering the city. In 1846 the Octroy duties amounted to more than $6,000,000. Every town in France has the right of collecting Octroy duties. Outside the "Barriers" everything in the eating and drinking line is much cheaper as a matter of course. In Paris fire wood is 55 sous the hudred pounds, and our farmers would laugh could they enter the shop of one of these wood merchants. The faggots are done up in bundles with as much care as though they were destined for a voyage around the globe. But paper again fails me, and this time I will endeavor to stay stopped.

Yours as ever, D.

Good for the Women!—The iron workers of Pittsburgh have been on a strike for some weeks back against a reduction of their wages. To force them to submit to a reduction, the proprietors brought on workmen from the East to fill their places. Many of these upon arriving at Pittsburgh, and ascertaining the facts of the case, refused to go to work, and retur

☞ Our free-soil cotemporary, of the *Northern Citizen*, thus humourously takes off the *weather*, and whig politicians, at one dash of the pen. "About the weather" will do for this latitude as well as any other:—

ABOUT THE WEATHER.—We have finally become settled and firm in the belief, that the weather is no more to be depended on than a Whig member of Congress.—Febuary, that has always adhered *rigidly* to its Northern principles, has this year turned out to be a perfect *doughface*. March made its appearance when the elements were terribly at war, and shook our dwellings with wrathful howlings, but is to day as tame as a cosset lamb. Cold as was its beginning, it may turn out like Whig free Soilism—*best suited to a Southerne latitud*. But, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

☞ Last year the girls (farmers' daughters) of three counties in Massachusetts, turned out straw hats and bonnets valued at $1,646,596. The result is, they have rosy cheeks, and money in their purses. That's better than spinning street yarn.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MAY.—The St. Louis *Union*, of the 19th ult., contains an account of the life and death of this young officer, who won the earliest laurels that were gathered in the late Mexican war. He died, says the *Union*, in San Francisco, after a short illness from scurvy and bronchitis, produced by a long and disagreeable passage from New York to that place, by the course of Cape Horn. At the period of his death he was about twenty-seven years of age, and in the very prime of his manhood and his hopes.

IMPORTANT.—The *Gazette* is out against "Moustaches and Imperials," and thinks they "ought to be prohibited in decent society." This is important, as it demonstrates that there is one *great* question of the day in regard to which our cotemporary does not "ride the fence."

PHILADELPHIA, March 2.

We have just received information of a steamboat explosion at New Castle, Deleware, this morning, attended with fatal consequences—several were scalded—the porter killed. The Clifton had just undergone thorough repairs—the lower part of her boiler was entirely new, having had steam in it but once before, during the trial trip yesterday.

Owing to a vessel lying in the way at the wharf, some difficulty occured in landing and while attempting to land the blowing out of the stay bolts produced the calamity —the fireman was killed in the fire room—the engineer *standing* at the *engine* was not injured, nor any of the persons standing immediately over the boiler—in all, five were scalded.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4—3 P. M.

The *Democratic* meeting at Tammany Hall on Saturday night, in favor of the *Union*, was largely attended, and passed off with much enthusiasm.

BALTIMORE, March 3.

The Virginia Senate has passed the House bill for taking the popular vote on the Convention for amending the Constitution.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 28.

The boat furnishing store of McAlister & Co., No. 66 Levee, caught fire last evening and was instantly destroyed. Insured for $25,000 on stock and $6,000 on building.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 28.

The steamship Alabama had just arrived from Chagres. She brings 95 passengers and $500,000 in gold dust.

She also brings advices from San Francisco to 15th January. The City of Sacramento had been overflowed with water. But few spots of land were visible, and the inhabitants are suffering terribly from this dreadful calamity. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000.

Immense herds of cattle and other property have been swept away. While this great flood destroys a great deal of property, it will wash out the gold in great quantities.

A party of Chilians made an attack on the Americans at the mines in the vicinity of Stockton, in which two of the assailants were killed and others imprisoned, though the latter were afterwards released. This affair created great excitement.

Steamer Ohio sailed yesterday for Chagres with 480 passengers.

WASHINGTON, March, 4.

SENATE.—At an early hour the galleries and all the accessible parts and passages to the Senate Chamber were densly crowded to hear Mr. Calhoun's speech read. The Senate adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Dickinson enquiring of the Post Master Gen'l, why appointments were made; and then when the order of the day was reached, Mr. Calhoun rose and thanked the Senate for the courtesy shown him, and handed his speech to Mr. Mason of Virginia to read. She speech concluded with stating the loss of the equilibrium. He said the North was the primary cause of the southern discontent and if the question was not settled, it would end in disunion; he reviewed the charges of northern aggression. He said the north was forcing the south to secede, but it must come unless the question was fairly settled, and speedily settled. Justice connot be done this speech in a brief telegraphic article, it occupied about two hours in reading, and was listened to with profound attention when it was concluded it was agreed that Mr. Hamlin of Me. should speak to-morrow, Mr. Walker of Wis. and Mr. Webster, on Thursday, Mr. Seward and Mr. Hale wanted to obtain the floor for the earliest possible opportunity, soon after which the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Doty withdrew his resolution. His purpose he said had been accomplished by the bill he had introduced, and which had been referred to the committee of the whole. On motion of Mr. McLean, the House went into committee of the whole and took up the special order the day, being Mr. McLean's bill concerning the port of Baltimore. He proceeded to give a brief explanation of the object of the bill pending its confideration the House took up the *California message*. Mr. Sackett being entitled to the floor addressed the committee at length. Mr. McWillie followed and spoke with much emotion, and he sincerely believed that the Union was in imminent danger. Mr. VanDyke of N. J., made a speech in which he endeavored to show that the South had been the agressors. Mr. Hall of Missouri next obtained the floor when the committee rose. The House resumed the consideration of the Baltimore bill—was amended—when the House adj.

Mr. Jackson, the newly elected member from Georgia, appeared, who was duly sworn and took his seat this morning.

CINCINNATI, March 2.

The resolutions appointed delegates to the Nashville Convention, were effectually killed in the Kentucky Senate by the decisive vote of 29 to 6. Only one Whig voted for them, and only two Democrats against them.

NEW YORK, March 5, 3 P. M.

An immense Union meeting was held at Baltimore last evening. It is estimated that there were ten thousand persons present. Col. Giles, officiated as President. A series of resolutions were adopted, in which the sustaining of the Union by the adoption of compromise measures was reccommended.

The Herald of this morning publishes Mr. Calhoun's speech entire. It occupies five and a half columns of that journal. The speech commences by stating that there is danger to the Union, and traces the cause to the discontent of the South, not of sudden but of slow and salient growth. The first charge is, that the South has been excluded, from all interest in the territories common to the Union; second, that the adoption of a system of revenue and disbursement enenormous to the South, has been forced upon the county, taking away an undue proportion of the *procedes of the South*, and pressing upon her an unequel taxation for the benefit of the North; third, that the system of political measures which has been cherished has changed the original character of the Federal compact. He believes that under the present state of things, the South cannot, with honor, remain in the Union. He details the origin of that belief in the long-continued aggressions of the North. He takes the census of 1760 and 1840, and shows that the equilibrium between the North and South has been destroyed, not by time, but by the interferance of the Government, and then lays down the modes by which this Governmental interposition has been accomplished. He next proceeds to show by statistics how is that the equilibrium has been destroyed, and the whole power centralized in a sectional majority. From this he passes to the Tariff, manufactories, and the general matters pertaining to the protective and American System, and concludes this division of the subject by asserting that, instead of living in a Republic, we are swayed entirely by the National Democracy.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—A discourse will be delivered in the Universalist Church to-morrow evening on the subject of the "Safe side in Religion," or "Two chauces for salvation."

☞ "MESSRS. KIDD & Co. ITHICA, N. Y. April 15th, 1847. "Gentleman—our stock of M'Lane's Worm Specific is exhausted, as is also that of all the merchants in this county.—There is quite a call for it. And you will oblige us by forwarding a package as soon as possible. If it would be agreeable to you we would act as your general agents for this county. Please let us hear from you soon. SCHUYLER & CO."

The above is only one among thousands of certificates and orders constantly pouring in upon us from all quarters of the Union. Such letters are the best evidence of its excellence.

Sold by Carter & Brother and J. H. Burton, Erie, Pa.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS.—BURLINGTON, Iowa, Dec. 1, 1846. N. Woolsey & Co.—Gentleman: Since my visit to Chicago in June last, I have used Sloan's Ointment and Condition Powders and find them fully equal, if not superior to what is recommended. I have spent more than "twenty dollars" for experiments, and one box of Sloan's Ointment and a package of the Condition powders are worth more than all. I do not give my testimony to have my name sounded in the papers, but because I believe that justice to the Public, as well as to the Maker and Vender of a really good article, should be awarded.

I live at Toolsboro, Louisa county, Iowa, and can be consulted in proof of the above facts. JAMES A. TOOLE.

MARRIED.

At Wattsburg, on the 28th ult., by Rev. Mr. Jennis, Mr. F. B. Taylor and Miss F. M. Emerson, all of Wattsburg.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Silliman, Mr. Wm. F. Cummings and Miss M. Jane Loomis, all of this city.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Himebaugh, Mr. David Riblet and Mrs. Catharine Ward both of Harborcreek.

DIED.

In this city On Wednesday, after a short but painful illness, Lucinda Elizabeth, daughter of Geo. W. and Elizabeth Riblet, aged 5 years one month and six days.

On the 1st inst. Caroline Ida, daughter of Samuel T. and Nancy Nelson, of this city, aged 10 months.

In Millcreek, on the 25th ult., Mr. Lemuel Miles, aged 58 years.

In Millcreek, on the 25th ult., Mrs. Mary, relict of the late Wm. Warren, aged about 40 years.

In Millcreek, Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late Moses Graham, aged 45 years.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., Mr. Comfort Hayes, a respectable citizen of Springfield, of old age, being within a few months of 80 years.

On the 21st ult., in Waterford, Mr. Alexander McKinley, aged 44. The death of Mr. McKinley, must be felt alike by his family, by the community in which he dwelt, and by the church to which he belonged.

At the residence of John Moore, in Greenfield, on the 1st inst., Mr. Joseph Porter, formerly of Mich., aged 67 years. Detroit, papers please copy.

GRAVE STONES.
AT 111 FRENCH STREET,

MAY be found a choice assortment of Fine American Marble, of various sizes, suitable for Head Stones, Tomb Tables, &c., which will be sold at prices that cannot fail to suit purchasers. Please call and examine quality, and prices before purchasing of traveling agents, by so doing you will save one-third of your money. R. PELTON.

Erie, March 9, 1850. 1y43

POWERS' NEW YORK STORE.

On the cash system! Produce wanted in exchange for goods. Dry Goods! Large Stock! In endless variety. Great Bargains offered! More goods for less money than any other Store in Erie County. Also, large stock of Groceries, as usual, cheap for the ready! Fresh Teas, excellent quality, for 31, 37, a 50c., warranted to suit, or the money refunded. &c., &c., &c.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the Store, No. 6, Bonnell Block, known as the "New York Store," will continue the business of merchandizing in this city, where he will be happy to see and wait upon his customers and the public generally who wish to either buy or sell for cash. Having but little faith in the "friendship-in-trade" principle, I shall hold myself in readiness to make it the interest of my customers to pay me. Among my goods I have some that I will sell at Cost; hence buyers will frequently suit themselves with goods which I am disposed to "run off." To one and all remember this truth. I am not to be undersold in Western Pennsylvania!

TO FARMERS.—I am in the market for Butter, and Cheese, in any quantity, and shall be in readiness at all times to pay cash during the ensuing season. Very respectfully,

Erie, March 9th, 1850. S. B. FOWERS.

VENDUE!

WILL be sold at public Vendue, on the premises of the subscriber, in North East township, on Saturday, the 23d day of March, the following property: Cows, Young Cattle, Sheep, household Furniture, and many other things too numerous too mention. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. Terms made known on day of sale. SENECA WEBSTER

North East, March 9, 1850. 2t43

NOTICE.

PERSONS indebted to the subscriber, late Prothonotary of Erie county, for taxes and fees on Judicial proceedings, are hereby notified that their accounts are now settled and placed in the hands of Jonas Gunnison, Esq., for immediate collection and payment to him or to the subscriber, *is the only way to save costs.*

Erie, March 9, 1850.—6m43 WILSON KING.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL !!

FRESH GROCERIES.
No. 2, Fleming Block, State Street.

THE *subscriber having bought the entire stock of Groceries* formerly owned by A. King Esq., and added a little more to it, is ready to sell to all those wishing to buy cheap for cash or ready pay, as I am bound to sell as cheap if not cheaper than any other establishment of the kind in this city. The stock is large and bought expressly for family use, consisting of any quantities of

Teas,	Porto Rico Sugar,	Java Coffee,	
Molasses	Loaf Sugar,	Sperm Candles,	
Bbl Salt,	Shaving Soap,	Mould "	
Coarse do.,	Fale do.,	Dipped "	
Cream Nuts,	Tobacco Plug,	Cigars,	
Filberts,	" Cut & Dry,	Powder,	
Cinnamon,	Shot,	Logwood,	
Lead,	Starch,	Alum,	
Indigo,	Reffed Candy,	Nails,	
Ground Ginger,	Common do.,	Rice,	
" Alspice,	Assorted Store Wane,	Sweet Oil,	
" Pepper,	Fresh White Fish,	Ship Chandlery,	
Flour,	Mackerel,		
New Orleans Sugar.	Raw Coffee,		

Besides a great many things too numerous to mention. Those wishing to buy will do well to give me a call before purchasing, as I am determined to sell low for cash. JOHN M'CANN.

N. B.—Country produce will be at all times taken exchange for Goods. J. M'C.

Erie, March 9, 1850. 43

Erie and Edenboro Plank Road Company.

THE Charter for "the Erie and Edenboro Plank Road Company," having been issued by the Governor and received, the subscribers, a majority of the acting Commissioners, have appointed Saturday the 6th day of April, 1850, at 1 P. M, at the Reed House in the Borough of Erie, as the time and place for organizing said Company; at which time and place the subscribers to the capital stock of said Company are notified to meet and elect one President, *five Managers, one Treasurer and such other officers as may be* necessary to conduct the business of said Company agreeably to the provisions of the law in such case made and provided.

JAMES H. CAMPBELL,
M. W. CAGHEY,
JOS. M. STERRETT,
WM. BEATTY,
SMITH JACKSON.
Commissioners.

Erie, March 9, 1850. td43

Erie and Wattsburg Plank Road Company.

THE Charter for "the Erie and Wattsburg Plank Road Company," having been issued by the Govenor and received, the subscribers, a majority of the acting commissioners, have appointed Saturday the 30th day of March, 1850, at 1 P. M., at the Reed House in the Borough of Erie, as the time and place for organizing said Company; at which time and place the subscribers to the capital stock of said Company are notified to meet and elect one President, five Managers, one Treasurer and such officers as may be necessary to conduct the business of said Company agreeably to the provisions of the law in such case made and provided.

A. W. BREWSTER,
JOS. H. WILLIAMS,
WALTER CHESTER,
GILES SANFORD,
JAS. M. STERRETT,
Commissioners.

Erie, March 9, 1850.—td43

NOTICE

IS hereby given that Samuel W. Keefer, Samuel M. Brown, John Gable, C. Kolb and others, on the 5th day of February, A. D. 1850, filed their petition in the Court of Common Pleas, of Erie county, together with an instrument of writing therein, specifying the object, articles, conditions, name and style, under which, they mean to associate *for religious purposes, and exhibited the same, to the said court*, praying the said court to grant them a charter of incorporation under the name and style of the "First United German Evangelical Lutheran and Reformed St. Johns Congregation of Erie and vicinity." Whereupon the said Court perused and examined said instrument, and being satisfied that the objects, articles and conditions therein set forth and contained, appear lawful and not injurious to the community, did direct said writing to be filed in the office of the Prothonary of said Court, notice to be inserted in one newspaper printed in Erie county for at least three weeks, setting forth that this application had been made to said Court, to grant a charter of incorporation, and fixed the first Monday in May, A. D. 1850, for hearing &c. JAMES SKINNER,

Prothonotary's Office, } Prothonotary.
Erie, March 9, 1850. } 3in43

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Adam Heath, jr. late of North East township, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will please present them legally authenticated for settlement. NORMAN NASH, Adm's

North East, March 2 1850. *6t43

LAND AGENCY IN ERIE.

The subscriber offers for sale, at his residence in Erie, Pa.—

Grazing farms at 6 to $10 per acre, in lots of 100 to 300 acres.
Grain Farms at 14 to $40 per acre, in lots of 30 to 250 acres.
Wild land at $2 to $4 per acre, in lots of 25 to 200 acres.
Out lots of Erie, at 75 to $300 per acre, and
In lots of Erie, at $200 to $4,000 dollars each.
Erie Out lot No. 379, situate between French & Holland Streets, subdivided into convenient lots, for Residence or business, now for sale at 200 to $400 each. A rare chance.
Also a fine Water Lot property newly wharfed, for Sale or Rent.
Erie, March 2, 1850. WILSON KING,
General Land Agent & Land Broker.

☞ Commercial Advertiser, & Gazette copy. 1t42

VENDUE!

WILL be sold at the residence of the late Jabez Reynolds, in Greene township, Erie Co., Pa., Horses, Cows, young cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Hay, a set of double harness, one two horse wagon, and farming utensils, household furniture, and other things too numerous to mention.

The above sale to take place on Thursday, the 21st day of March, A. D. 1850. Terms made known on the day of sale.

ISAAC REYNOLDS,
JABEZ REYNOLDS,
J. L. WAY.
Executors.

March 2. 1850. 3in42

FLOUR.

190 Barrels choice Michigan Flour,
Seven bbls superior Rye Flour,
For Sale by
Erie, Feb 9,—3t42 L. KELLOGG.

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of the County of Erie, will be sold by public vendue, on the premises on Wednesday, April 10, 1850, commencing at ten o clock, A. M., the following described property, situate in the township of Girard, county of Erie, State of Pennsylvania, between the east and west villages of Girard, belonging to the estate of George Rowley, deceased, to wit:

All that messuage or tract of land described and bounded as follows; Beginning at a post on the old State Line, on the East side or bank of Elk Creek, thence by the old state line west twenty-four perches and six-tenths of a perch to a post; thence south ninety-five perches and nine-tenths of a perch to a post; thence east five perches to the Elk Creek bridge; thence south twenty-five degrees west twelve perches and five tenths of a perch to a post; thence south sixteen degrees east thirty-eight perches to a post; thence south thirty degrees east three perches to a hemlock, thence south one and one-half degrees west fifty-seven perches to a post, thence east one hundred and forty-three perches and five-tenths of a perch to a post; thence north one hundred and twenty one perches and two-tenths of a perch to a post; thence east three perches and five tenths of a perch to the south-west corner of land late of Asa Bittles, deceased; thence north fifteen and one-half degrees west seven perches and nine-tenths of a perch to a post set by Julius Hathawny, near the canal, thence south eighty-six and one half degrees, west sixteen perches and three-tenths of a perch to a post; thence north thirty-eight and one half degrees west thirty perches to a post; thence north fifty-one and one-half degrees west fourteen perches and five-tenths of a perch to a post; thence north seventy-nine and one fourth degrees west twenty-four perches to a post; thence north fifteen and one-half degrees west six and one-tenth perches to the ridge road; thence south fifty-two degrees west twenty perches and five-tenths of a perch to a post; thence south ten perches and seven-tenths of a perch to a post on the south-east corner of the M'Call lots, now owned by James M. Sterrett; thence west twenty perches to the bank of Elk creek; thence north twelve degrees west eight perches; thence north nine degrees west twenty perches; thence north twenty-six degrees west eighteen perches; thence north thirty-nine degrees west fourteen perches to the place of beginning; excepting and reserving out of the above described piece of land, about one-half acre heretofore conveyed for the use of the Methodist Church, on the west side of Elk Creek; and also about four acres and seven perches heretofore conveyed to Daniel A. Clark; and containing about one hundred and fifty acres of Land.

And also, all that certain other Lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the said township, in the county aforesaid, bounded as follows; to wit: Beginning at a post at the south-east corner of lands of Rufus Hills, thence along the south line of the tract, east one hundred and ninety perches and seven-tenths of a perch to a post on the east bank of Elk Creek; thence along said bank north forty degrees west sixteen perches; thence north sixty-two degrees west twenty-six perches; thence north thirty-one degrees west, five perches; thence north forty degrees west eleven perches; thence north eighty-four degrees west thirteen perches; thence south sixty eight degrees west five perches; thence north seventy-four degrees west four perches; thence north forty-nine degrees west, nineteen perches; thence north sixty-three degrees west, fifty-three perches; thence north thirty eight degrees west, twenty-four perches; thence south eighty and one-half degrees west, sixteen perches to a post in the east line of land of said Hills and thence south ninety-one perches and six-tenths of a perch to the place of beginning, containing forty-six acres and forty-two perches, and allowance, be it the same more or less, and being part of tract No. four hundred and ninety-nine.

Also, a certain other piece, or lot of ground, situate in the west village of Girard, bounded and described as follows, to wit: beginning at a stone corner on the south side of the Ridge Road, one chain and twenty-seven and one-half links, east from the north-east corner of the brick house built by Daniel A. Clarke, thence north fifty degrees east, Eighty-four and three-fourth links to a stone corner on the south side of said road; thence north, fifty degrees; east, eighty-four and three-fourth links to a stone corner on the south side of said road; thence south, forty-eight degrees east, two chains and thirty-nine links to a post on the south line of land sold by James Laughlin to Daniel A. Clarke, thence south, sixteen degrees east, long and line far enough to make a fourth line paralel with the second line, thence north forty-eight degrees west, three chains and seventy-one links to the place of beginning, containing forty-one perches of land.

The two-hundred acres first described has thereon a Grist-Mill, Saw-Mill, Oil-Mill, Tanery, Dwelling House, Barn, Out Houses, &c., and is mostly improved.

The lot last described has thereon a comfortable Dwelling-House, Out-Houses, &c.

The said two-hundred acres will be sold subject to a mortgage in favor of Rufus Hills upon which there is supposed to be due about eight thousand dollars.

TERMS.—One-fifth on the confirmation of sale; the balance in four equal annual instalments with interest on the whole sum unpaid, payable annually with each instalment, to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage on the premises.

HARVEY R. BEERS.
JANE ROWLEY,
Administrators of George Rowley deceased.

Girard, March 9, 1850. td43

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of Alexander McKinley, dec'd, late of Le Bœuff township, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated and those indebted will make immediate payment as the business will be settled up without delay.

JOHN H. FINDLEY,
JOHN C. SMITH,
NANCY McKINLEY.
Executors.

March 2, 1850.—6t42

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration on the estate of Joseph Skinner, dec'd., late of Wayne township, have been granted to the subscribers. All persons having claims against said estate, will present them duly authenticated, to the subscribers for settlement, and all indebted are requested to make payment to the same.

FRANCIS A. McINTIRE, } Administrators.
ETHAN SKINNER, }

Erie, Feb. 23. 1850. 6t41

DETERGENT AND DIURETIC.
DR. MYER'S
Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry and Dandelion Compound.

THIS valuable Medicinal preparation DIFFERS ENTIRELY from any simple "Extract of Sarsaparilla," or common purifying Medicine. It is a compound of many of the

MOST CLEANSING MEDICINES,

With others *acting directly on the Kidneys* or having immediate reference to the restoring and healthy elaboration of some internal organs. It contains articles which enter into no other *preparation in existence*, and

IT IS UNRIVALED

In purifying and refreshing effects, by any Medicine in the world. It is put up

IN LARGE BOTTLES,

Is *very pleasant* to the taste, and is more concentrated,

STRONGER, BETTER AND CHEAPER

Than any other in Market. Persons who have taken "Sarsaparilla" *by the gallon*, without relief, have been *radically cured*, by using two or three bottles.

This is the only Compound in which Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry and Dande lion are so prepared, to offer the peculiar virtues of *each, in combination with pure Extracts of other healing articles* in a highly concentrated state. Its ingredients are

PURELY VEGETABLE,

And are such roots and barks as are found—though chiefly affecting certain parts—in their general tendency to produce *the most cleansing and healing effects.*

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE

To cure many diseases, Dropsies, Kidney Complaints, &c., draw off Watery Humors from the Blood, or corrupt and irritating secretions of diseased organs from the body, without the thorough operation ON THE KIDNEYS, as caused by this Medicine. No OTHER extract even *pretends to this effect.* In fact this very operation for which it is *particularly compounded*, differs from all other preparations, and makes it *the best compound in existence.*

IN ALL CASES OF DROPSY.

Use this medicine. It *will relieve.* It *has cured when life itself was despaired of.* It contains articles that *will cure if anything can*, and takes the *only method* to make *permanent cures.* This Remedy

PURIFIES AND DRIVES OUT

All impure and gross humours, not only by working directly on the blood, but by restoring each organ to healthy vigor, and especially increasing the action of those which draw from the body, and lastingly remove all

IMPURE OR DISEASED FLUIDS.

All diseases originating in a depraved state of the vital fluids, Eruptions, Ulcers, Sores, Collection of Watery Humors,

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD,

Will find this the *best* alterative, and most cleansing Medicine, *for before any other in invigorating effect.* It has worked some of the *greatest cures* of Diseases of the Urinary Organs.

DISORDERS OF THE KIDNEYS,

Bladders, &c. *A splendid diuretic. No extract is so good for* Weakness of the Kidneys, Weak back, Retention or Involuntary flow of Urine, Burning or Scalding, *Involuntary Emissions*, or other irritability, REMEMBER, *the only Medicine that heals these parts.* In Scrofulous habits of the System, Lax and weakened states,

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS,

Wasting diseases of the Lungs, Pains in the Breast, &c., the soothing Pectorals and bracing Tonics, heal the Lungs most kindly, and strengthen the body, while the acrid humours that load the system are cleansed. *A trifling dose of the Kidneys is marked in lungs disease.* It is warranted *superior to any preparation* —Sudden attacks from Exposure *are certainly cured.*

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

For Irregular, Suppressed or painful Menstruation, Fluor Albus, Uterine Diseases, or any derangement of the Female Frame. It never disappoints expectation. *No common medicine will reach these derangements.* This compound contains certain Roots, *the best and only ones that should be used.* It cures the most aggravated forms.

GENERAL DEBILITY AND DECLINE,

It will refresh immediately. A few days' use will convince the incredulous. The appetite increased—the nerves so quiet—spirits raised and new, Pure and Rich Blood takes the place of vitiated and corrupt.

USE IT IN YOUR FAMILIES,

You will never be without it. It will do more good, and cure more speedily, the hundreds of petty diseases, Colds, Bowel Complaints, Impure Blood, &c., than anything you have ever tried.—*Look at Certificates; The* WEAKEST INFANT or most delicate Female *can take it, with perfect safety.*

BEAR IT IN MIND.

That this is the *only medicine* that has ever cured the low, wearing SHIP FEVER, as attested by *the oaths of some thirty* of the cured, and you will acknowledge

THERE IS SOMETHING IN IT.

Where obstructions of the organs have caused deposits,

GRAVEL,

Or Stone in the Bladder, this medicine has been used with astonishing success. *For Certificates of Cures of this or any disease, see Pamphlet of cures.*

THE WORST FORMS.

Of DISEASES of the STOMACH and BOWELS, Costiveness, DYSPEPSIA, with Debility, &c. For Bowel Complaints, *it can be relied on as a certain remedy.* Also, when accumulation of bile has caused

BILIOUS DISEASES,

Jaundice, &c., or when they are coming on, *take this and you are safe.* It carries off the corrupt bile rapidly, by the natural channels, and *ceases immediately.* It has cured

LIVER COMPLAINTS

Of years standing, as certificates testify. *It always gives satisfaction.* Try it. Great Physicians prescribe *always* diuretics. This compound is excellent—Dandelion alone is almost specific.

LOOK FOR TESTIMONY

On the pages of our PAMPHLETS or columns of our papers. A list of as influential names has *never* been given in support of *any* Medicine. We have there *indisputable* testimony of the *certain cure of every disease we mention. The most thorough investigation is requested.* GET A PAMPHLET. Call on the certifiers or ask their opinion, and you too will use it. It will affect you different from any other, and we think it will do you more good.

Prepared by Dr. H. B. MYERS, Buffalo. All orders addressed to E. Hollidge at his variety store, 228 Main st, Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by Carter & Brother, Erie, Pa. 1y12

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!!

AS the Subscriber intends removing West as soon as he can close up his business in Erie, he offers his stock of

Groceries & Provisions,

Yankee Notions, &c., &c., at greatly reduced prices. Good Tea from 50 to 75 cents per pound, Wooden Ware, Dairy Salt, Wisp Brooms, Prunes, Segars, Solace Tobacco, Brandy, Gin, Port and Malaga Wine, and numerous other articles, will be sold at *Cost with transportation added; Wrapping Paper at cost.* I therefore invite the attention of those who wish to purchase for cash at very low rates, and shall be happy to wait upon all who call.

Erie, Feb 9 1850. R. A. BAKER Cheapside.

CLOTHS!! CLOTHS!!!
"This way with your Ready Pay."

I HAVE on hand a good assortment of Black, Blue Black, olive green, olive brown, blue drab, cadet and golden mixed 6-4 Broad Cloths, which I purchased at auction cheap. As an earnest of it, I will sell a good Black 6-4 Cloth at $1 75 per yard. Brown, $1 50, Olive Brown $2, Blue, warranted fast color, $2 50, Drab $2 25, Mixed $1 50, Blue Pilot $1, Blue Black Beaver $2 50. I will guarantee every yard sound and good colors. I have also a good assortment of fine Cloths, which I will sell proportionably cheap. Purchasers will please give me a look, and I will satisfy them that "some things can be done as well as others."

Erie, Nov. 17, 1849. C. M. TIBBALS, Cheapside.

Attractions and Arrivals of Goods
FOR FALL AND WINTER.

C. B WRIGHT begs leave to inform his numerous friends and the country at large, that he is now receiving from the eastern cities and manufacturers, the largest and most extensive assortment of FALL and WINTER GOODS he has ever before offered in this market, and would briefly say (with as little puffing as possible,) that he has spared no time nor pains in the selection of his stock, which has been bought mostly for *cash*, and at such bargains as to defy competition, (bogus importers not excepted.) With this assurance I pledge myself to those that wish to buy Goods at wholesale or retail, that I am not to be undersold by any house in this city. For further particulars please drop in at the Corner, opposite Brown's Hotel, and examine style and prices.

Oct. 13. 42

FLOUR, SALT, FISH, and PLASTER.—A heavy stock for the winter and spring trade for sale low, at

Jan. 19. C. B WRIGHT'S.

SHAWLS, of every description, and very cheap, at

Erie Oct. 6. S. B. DEWEY'S

AMONG the meanest things on earth is a *dull Razor.* Don't growl, but go to the Hardware Store and get a "Tally Ho" that will shave easy, No 3 Reed House. Jan 25.

☞ **Hats and Caps for the People.** ☜

PRICES REDUCED ONE-THIRD.—SPLENDID HATS FOR $1,50—CLOTH CAPS FOR 12½ CENTS.

S. SMITH, HATTER, No. 3, *Cheapside*; would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has received from New York a splendid stock of Hats, Caps, and Furs, which will be sold at the above Reduced Prices. Also, that he has added great facilities for Manufacturing, and will be adding daily to that branch of his business, and to his stock of goods.

☞ Call and examine PRICES. Oct. 6, 1849.—n21.

DRY GOODS, DRY GOODS.

I AM now receiving every day my Fall and Winter stock of DRY GOODS, which I invite the attention of the citizens of Erie and vicinity, to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as my terms are Cash and no humbug, and my whole attention paid to Dry Goods exclusively, I feel and hold myself bound not to be undersold this side of the "Atlantic."

Erie, Oct. 6. S. R. DEWEY.

170 KEGS 4250 lbs. *precisely*, of White Lead in oil, from Buffalo and Pittsburgh, this day in Store, and other paints in like proportion, bought to sell, and will be cheap, and warranted good as the best, by J. H. BURTON.

Erie, Dec. 5, 1849. 30

CASH! CASH!

THE Subscriber will pay Cash, or Exchange Oil & Candles for Lard, delivered at the Store of B. O. HULBERT or at my Factory. R. P. HULBERT.

Erie, Jan. 5, 1850 3m34

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY Virtue of an Order of the Orphans Court, of the County of Erie, will be sold by public Vendue on the premises, on Saturday, the sixth day of April next, commencing at ten o'clock, A M., the following described property, situate in the township of Girard, about two miles west of Girard village, belonging to the estate of Isaac Waterhorn, deceased, to wit:

A certain messuage or piece of Land situate in the Township of Girard aforesaid and descri ed and bounded as follows: Bounded north by the Ridge Road, East by the Road leading south from *the old Silverthorn Tavern Stand and the land of Joseph Philips*, South and West by the lands of Maxim Randall, containing about Twelve acres of land. Also a certain other piece of Land. Bounded north by the Ridge Road, east by lands of Robertson, South by the Lands of Isaac Miller, and west by the Road leading South from the Tavern Stand aforesaid, containg about Seven acres of Land. Also, a certain piece of land, bounded North by the old *State line, south and east by other lands of said Silverthorn*, and west by lands purchased by said Silverthorn of William H. Townsend, and lands of Lorenzo Johnson & Co., containing twelve acres of land, it being the twelve originally set off and sold with the mill by the Executors of Wm. Silverthorn, and afterwards purchased by said Isaac Silverthorn.

The two pieces first above described lie contiguous to each other *and have thereon a house, barn and blacksmith shop*, &c., and together would make a very convenient small farm. The twelve acres has thereon a Grist Mill, situate on one of the most durable streams in the County. The land is mostly improved and all of the first quality for grass or grain.

TERMS.—One-fourth on the confirmation of sale, and the balance in three equal annual instalments with interest annually in *the wholesum To be secured by judgment bond, and mortgage* on the premises. GEORGE H. CUTLER,
THOMAS R. MILLER,
WM. SILVERTHORN,
Administrators of Isaac Silverthorn deceased.

Girard, Feb. 9 1850 td39

ERIE DAGUERREAN GALLERY.

SHERMAN & LEWIS are happy to annound to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Erie, and the friends of science and art in the region round about, that they are prepared to take Likenesses of a superior quality at their rooms, over Middleton & Murphy's store, three doors east of Cowen's Hotel.

There are several reasons why persons can obtain better pictures at our rooms than at any other in this city, or in this part of the country. One is,

WE HAVE THE BEST LIGHT!

Skylight and side light COMBINED—each correcting the faults of the other, and producing a natural and most beautiful effect.—TRY IT, WHOEVER IS NOT SATISFIED WITH PICTURES TAKEN ELSEWHERE!!

Another reason is, we have the best apparatus. The importance of this will be obvious to any one.

We shall not offer those who favor us with their patronage, the flat, insipid, corpse-like things which many who call themselves artists present to the public. Neither shall we offer those dark, gloomy images which in change or countenance would resemble *themselves; but clear and accurate* Likenesses, possessing the most beautiful blending of light and shade, richness and depth of tone, remarkable distinctness of features, true expression of the eye, boldness of relief, distance and invisibility of back ground, delicacy of finish, softness, transparent and artistic effect.

Remember there is no room of the kind near here which has the facilities of this. It is designed to be a permanent establishment, *NOT TO BE EQUALED is our motto.* W. H. SHERMAN,
Erie, Feb. 2, 1850. W. N. LEWIS.

ERIE CITY MILLS.
CORNER OF PENN ST. & RAILROAD PLACE.

THE public are assured that Custom Grinding *is done* at this *Mill as well as Merchant work.*

Constantly on hand, Flour by the barrel, and *per pound* at same *rates* as per barrel. Those who purchase by the barrel can have it delivered at any point in the city *free of charge.*

Bran and Shorts, also for Sale.

Orders for Flour by the barrel left with C. McSparren will be attended and delivered as above stated. H. S. FAY, Miller.

Erie City Mills, Jan. 25, 1850. *37

NOTICE.

Erie County, S S.

IN the matter of the "First Universalists Society and Church in Erie, Penna."

Notice is hereby given that as a Court of Common Pleas of said county, held on the 6th day of February inst., an application having been made by the Officers and Members of the said Society and Church, to grant them a Charter of Incorporation: the Court ordered the instrument of writing specifying the objects, articles, conditions, name and style thereof, to be filed and notice given agreeably to Law, and which said instrument of writing remains on file. JAMES SKINNER, Pro.

Prothonotary Office, Feb. 13, 1850.

"The Erie and Waterford Plank Road Com."

THE Charter incorporating "the Erie and Waterford Plank Road Company" having been issued and received from the Governor, the subscribers, a *majority* of the acting Commissioners, have appointed Saturday, the 16th day of March 1850, at one P. M., at the Reed House, in the borough of Erie, as the time and place for organizing said Company. At which time and place the subscribers to the capital stock of said company are notified to meet and elect one President, five Managers, one Treasurer and such other officers as may be necessary to conduct the business of said Company agreeably to the provisions of the law in such case made and provided.

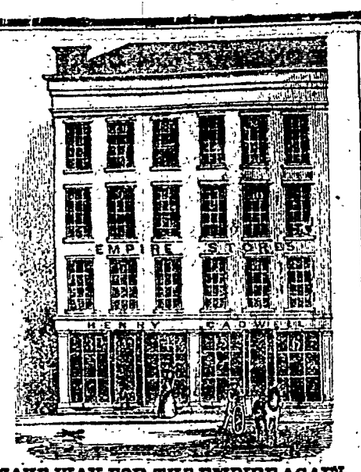
JOHN A. TRACY,
JOHN GALBRAITH,
WILLIAM KELLEY,
STEPHEN C. LEE.
WILSON KING,
C. M. TIBBALS,
WM. JUDSON,
Commissioners.

Erie, Feb. 23. 1850. td41

Gazette, Commercial, Chronicle, please copy.

EMPIRE STORES.

FROM past experience I am fully convinced that goods can be sold for cash twenty per cent below the credit system. On the first day of March I shall commence the experiment for one year, contracts excepted. Having made arrangements with a gentleman of experience in New York city, to purchase and forward me fine dress goods weekly, I shall keep as good an assortment in this line as can be found in any City and as cheap. I shall also



MAKE WAY FOR THE EMPIRE AGAIN.

WE stop the press to announce the second arrival of H. CADWELL from the Atlantic cities with the largest assortment of choice goods ever landed upon the lake shores. We omit our catalogue of goods, lest the printer should be grumbling about extras, but we respectfully invite the citizens of Erie and adjoining counties to call and examine our large stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
OUR LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CARPETS—OUR STOCK OF ONE HUNDRED TONS

Well assorted Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, Chains, Horse-shoes, Crowbars, Anvils, Vices, &c. Also, a large assortment of Shelf and Saddlery Hardware, Springs, Axle Arms, Hand, Circle, Mill, Cross-Cut and Tennant Saws, &c. A very extensive assortment of

Crockery and Glassware,
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF GROCERIES; BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS.

A large stock of Gents, Ladies, Misses Metallic Overshoes; an extensive variety of Mens and Boys Caps, Buffalo Robes, Muffs, Capes and Boas, Umbrellas, &c. &c. Suffice to say we will sell by the piece as good a piece of English Print at 8cents as is jobbed in New York at 10 cents, and as good an American Print at 6 cts as is sold in New York at 9. Fine Lustred Plaid Alpacas from 25 to 31 cents. *THREE HUNDRED SHAWLS* of every quality and variety. *FOUR HUNDRED PATTERNS* of Dress Silks,

From 50 cts to $2 per Yard.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY AND FINE DRESS GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

At the above low prices. Again we invite our friends here, and also from a distance, to an examination of an assortment of

$75,000 worth
OF THE RICHEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS

to be found west of New York; and if our friends from a distance are not satisfied that they can buy goods at the Empire Store, taking our assortment through, cheaper than they can in Buffalo, we will pay their expenses while here.

Erie, Nov. 10, 1848. H. CADWELL.

W. H. KNOWLTON & SON,
KEYSTONE BUILDING, NO. 1, FOUR DOORS BELOW BROWN'S HOTEL, ERIE, PA.

SECTION 1st., NORTH LANTERN.—Front Window, sticks out about a feet, containing hanging Lamps, Solar do., Castor, Candlesticks, Cake Baskets, and a variety of other articles, which the beholder may see without going in.

SECTION 2d, CENTER CASE, may be found a variety of Card cases, silver combs, diamond, torquois, ruby, garnet and plain Gold Rings, Buckles and Slides, miniature lockets, &c

SECTION 3.—Gold and Silver, Patent Levers, Anchor and Lepien duplex and common escapement Watches, gold guard and fob chains steel do. Soap Ladles, (Bagley Gold pens.)

SECTION 4.—Silver, German silver, table and tea Spoons, butter knives, gold, silver, German silver and steel spectacles.

SECTION 5.—Pen and jack Knives, Razors and Strops, Shears and Scissors, finger Rings steel Beads and Clasps and tassels, silk Purses, tooth Brushes, shaving do. fine Ivory Combs, shell, horn, Buffalo horn, back and side Combs; steel Pens, Needles, pocket Ink stands, small and other size pocket books, Letter Paper, visiting Cards, tuning forks; sheet Music and Prescriptors.

SECTION 6, SIDE CASE.—Filled with silver plated Fruit Baskets, Candle Sticks, Snuffers and Tray, Branch Candlesticks, plated and Brittania Castors, Flower vases, &c.

SECTION 7.—Cerondoils, Brittania Tea Sets, extra Coffe and Tea Pots, hair Brushes, Military Soap, Wallets and Pocket Books, spool Racks, Dolls, ivory handle Knives and Forks, common do, gammon Boards, Dominos, money Belts, Port Folios, navy and revenue Buttons, fancy Fans, &c.

SECTION 8—Contains Bass Viols, Violins; Guitars, Flutes, Clarionetts, Flageets, Fifes Accordions, Brass Horns, and right in the middle of the floor stands three of the best Piano Fortes in Erie.

SECTION 9, SOUTH SIDE.—Front Window, contents vary but little from the other, except a few Feather Dusters.

SECTION 10.—Solar Lamps, Extra glasses and shades, 30 hour and eight day O. G., and gothic Clocks, Tea Setters, Looking Glasses, and a great variety of Fancy Goods, all of which they offer for sale as low as can be purchased at any other store west of New York. And we wish it distinctly understood that we do not advertise to work very low in order to shave you on our goods, as another has declared was his object, but mean to be consistent and reasonable in all our prices.

November 21, 1849. y28

M(o)ore New White Fish.

100 BBLS. & Half bbls. Detroit River Whitefish, just received and for sale at No. 7, Poor People's Row, by

Erie, Dec. 1, 1849. T. W. MOORE.

SELLING AT COST!!!
Catch the Bargains.

J. B. CLARK invites the attention of Ladies to a lot of Dress Goods, comprising Rich Silks, French and English Merinos, French, Scotch and American De Laines, Plain, Figured and Changeable Alpacas, &c., &c., which he offers for CASH AT COST to close that branch of his trade for the season.

He would also say to the public that he has received another large stock (and probably the last for the reason) of those Popular Shawls from the Bay State and Waterloo Mills, which he offers at a *very low* figure, *much lower* than they can be bought elsewhere in Erie.

He would say furthermore to buyers generally, he has on hand a fine and choice stock of *Staples* as well as Fancy Goods that he will sell at *very small advance from COST*, among the rest a lot of Beautiful CARPETS received this day. The Goods must be closed out, he wants and *must* have the money.

☞ Remember the bargains going at No. 1, Reed House, Erie, Nov. 21, 1849.

NEW STORE!
No. 3, Reed House, French Street, Erie, Pa.

J. & H. WHIPPLE, respectfully inform the public that they have this day opened the largest and best stock of Imported Wines, Liquors and Cigars ever offered in this part of the country consisting of the following articles, viz.: 6 half pipes Port Wine, 6 do. Madeira; 5 do. Sherry; 3 do, Malaga: 3 bbls. Jamaica Rum; 5 do. Old Monongahela Whiskey; 10 half and quarter pipes Otard and Seignet Brandy; 10 quarter casks Cherry do; 5 pipes Holland Gin; 1 pipe St. Croix Rum, 1 pipe old Irish Whiskey, and 25,000 Spanish Cigars, of different brands.

The above articles were taken from the Custom House in New York by us on the 21st of October last, and are warranted as pure as any ever imported. Country dealers are particularly invited to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere as we are confident we can sell them as low as bought in this State or New York for Cash. Grain of all kinds wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Erie, November 21, 1849. tf27

SILVER WORK.—Silver Spoons, Ladles, Tongs, Scoops, Butter Knives, &c., constantly on hand and *Manufactured by the subscribers, not in the Nutmeg State, but in Erie*, and warranted of the standard of Dollars Comparison of style in this branch particularly invited. Also, threaded Spoons and Forks from a New York manufactory, all of good silver.

Nov. 24, 1849. C. LOOMIS & CO.

BROWN and Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings by the bale piece or yard, at the very lowest figures, at TIBBALS'

Teas! Teas!! Teas!!!

I AM selling good Young Hyson Tea for 36cts. per pound, and Black Tea for the same; also, Tea of all kinds and qualities, proportionately cheap. T. W. MOORE.

Erie, Nov. 17, 1849. 27.

Sugar House Molasses.

A First-rate article of Stewart's Syrup; also, good N. O. Molasses can be had of T. W. MOORE.

Erie, Nov. 17, 1849. 27.

LONG SHAWLS.—A new arrival of Long Shawls, of different quality and prices, just received by J. HUGHES & CO.

Erie, Dec. 8, 1849. 30

J. H. BURTON

HAS this day received the last lot of his fall and winter stock of *Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Paints, Linseed, Tanners', Lamp, and Lard Oils*, Window Glass, Copet Varnish, Spirits Turpentine, &c.,&c.

He thinks it unnecessary to specify articles or quantities on hand, as figures "do not always *tell the truth*." Suffice to say he has every article usually kept in his line, and in sufficient quantities to supply any reasonable demand.

His goods have been carefully selected, and as to quality, warranted as represented. Prices made to suit the times, and circumstances. Physicians and store keepers can get their orders put up at a very small profit. Call and see.

Erie Dec. 8, 1849. No. 5, REED HOUSE.

BRASS and Glas, Curtain Pins.—A new lot just received. Oct 13. REED & SANFORD.

SUGAR CURED WHITE FISH, a delightful article, just received and for sale by R. O. HULBERT.

Nov. 3, 1849.

GOLD and Silver leaf and Gold Silver and Composition Bronzes, by CARTER & BROTHER.

COTTON YARN, Carpet Warp, Wicking and Batting, and white and colored Wadding at C. M. TIBBALS.

Crockery and Glass Ware.

NOW opening a splendid assortment of New Patterns at Oct. 27, 1849. C. B. WRIGHT

SKATES, a good assortment at O. D & SANDFORD.

BONNET Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Artificial Flowers, for sale by GEO. SELDON & SON.

MERINOES.—French, English and German Merinoes, grades and colors. Call and see them. S. R. DEWEY'S.

Erie, Oct. 6. 21

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

MRS. PRAY would respectfully inform her friends and patrons that she has just returned from New York with a full assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS, together with a large and elegant assortment of Ladies' HATS and CAPS for the fall and winter. She has also all kinds of patterns for Cloaks, Dresses and Caps for Dress makers.

Mrs. P. will be prepared to exhibit her goods and execute all orders in her line from Thursday next, 11th inst. Her warmest thanks are tendered to her friends for their liberal patronage during the past season, and solicits a continuance of their favors.

Erie Oct. 13, 1849. 82

Boots Shoes and Leather.

$1200 WORTH of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots and Shoes, with a good stock of Sole and Upper Leather, for sale at the lowest figure for good pay.

Nov. 3, 1849. C. B. WRIGHT.

One Dollar per Yard.

A FINE assortment (all wool) French Marinoes, assorted colors, price reduced to one dollar per yard, for cash. Also, a good assortment of silk and wool Marinoes, embroydered Cashmeres and Delanes, a going cheap, at C. B. WRIGHT'S.

Dec. 22. 33

JOB DYEING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he commenced the business of PLAIN AND FANCY DYEING, at his place, corner of State street and the Buffalo Road, a few roods south of the Woolen Factory, where the Dyeing and Finishing of Garments, the coloring of woollen and cotton carpet yarn, with every other description of Job Dyeing will be carefully attended to. After a practice of thirty years in Europe and America, in all the colors given to silk, woollen, linen and cotton, he hopes to be able to satisfy all who may patronise him.

Erie, August 23. RICHARD GAGGIN. 15

CAUTION EXTRA.

A man by the name of *CLAY* has engaged with a young man of the name of S. P. Townsend, and uses his name to put up a Sarsaparilla, which they call Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, denominating it *GENUINE*, Original, ect. This Townsend is no doctor, and never was; but was formerly a worker on railroads, canals, and the like. Yet he assumes the title of Dr., for the purpose of gaining credit for what he is not. This is to caution the public not to be deceived, and purchase none but the *GENUINE ORIGINAL OLD Dr. Jacob Townsend's* Sarsaparilla, having on it the Old Dr's. likeness, his family coat of arms, and his signature across the coat of arms.

Principal Office, 102 *Nassau st., New York City.*

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND,

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE
Genuine Townsend Sarsaparilla.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the *AUTHER* and *DISCOVERER* of the *GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."* Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth, and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful

HEALING POWER.

Knowing, *many years ago*, that he had, by his skill, science and experience, devised an article which would be of incalculable advantage to mankind when the means would be furnished to bring it into universal notice, when its enestimable virtues would be known and appreciated. This time has come, the means are supplied; this

GRAND AND UNEQUALLED PREPARATION

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breath of the land, especially as it is found incapable of degeneration or deterioration.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared *on scientific principles by a scientific man*. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the Old Dr's. Sarsaparilla. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are hurtful or useless, and others, which if retained in preparing it for use, produce *fermentation* and *acid*, which is injurious to the system.—Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so *volatile*, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation. if they are not preserved by a *scientific process*, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these *volatile principles*, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very *essential medical properties* of the root, which give to it all its value.

Any person can boil or stew the root till they get a dark colored liquid, which is more from the coloring matter in the root than from anything else; they can then strain this insipid or vapid liquid, sweeten with sour molasses, and then call it "SARSAPARILLA EXTRACT or SYRUP." But such is not the article known as the

GENUINE OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, lactracted and rejected then every particle of essential virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations of every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of

CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and *LIVER COMPLAINT*; and in *RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, PILES, COSTIVENESS* all *CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES*, and all affections arising from

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

It possesses a marvelous efficacy in all complaints arising from *Indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach*, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not its equal in *Colds* and *Coughs*; and promote easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat and every other part.

But in nothing is the excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

It works wonders in cases of *Flour Albus or Whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Surpressed, or Painful Menses, Irregularity* of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is as effectual in curing all the forms of *Kidney Disease*.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, thus cures all forms of

Nervous diseases and debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other main dies, as *Spinal irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.*

It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflamation, purifies the skin, equalises the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. In not this then

The medicine you pre-eminently need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

COMPARED WITH THE OLD DR'S,

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETERIORATION, and

NEVER SPOILS,

while the other DOES; *souring, fermenting*, and *blowing the bottles* containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be possessing the recipient—*Hark! put acid into a body already diseased with acid!* What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces; flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood! What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? When persons have all the *humors* which bring on Eruptions of the skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Saltum Scrofulous Sore, Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven, but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism but a sour or acid fluid which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the delicate tissues upon which it acts! So of nervous diseases, a majority of the blood, or deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now is it not horrible to make and sell, and *infinitely worse* to use this

SOURING, FERMENTING, ACID "COMPOUND" OF S. P. TOWNSEND,

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla*, is an IMITATION of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's *article*: and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and crimination from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the *absolute truth*, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are *heaven-wide-apart, and infinitely dis-similar*; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no *pharmaceutist*—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what *guarantee* can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are in capable of change which might render them the AGENTS of Disease instead of health.

But what else should be expected from one who knows nothing comparatively of medicine or disease! It requires a person of some experience to cook and serve up even a common decent meal. How much more important is it that the persons who manufacture medicine, designed for

Weak Stomachs and Enfeebled Systems,

should know well the medical properties of plants, the best manner of securing and concentrating their healing virtues, also an extensive knowledge of the various diseases which affect the human system, and how to adapt remedies to these diseases!

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom, and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal.

For sale by J. H. Burton, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

Erie, July 14, 1849. 9

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, '49 & '50.

LATEST and largest arrival of Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Solar and Camphene Lamps, Fancy Goods &c., at

G. LOOMIS & CO's.

On State Street, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

WHO have just returned from New York, and have received a complete assortment of the above Goods, together with a great variety of other useful and ornamental Housekeeping articles, where, upon inspection, will be found *Prices lower than any other concern in town*; for let it be known that this establishment *pays Cash down for Goods*, notwithstanding the silly reports circulated that Loomis & Co. are only doing a Commission business for a House in New York, and let it also be understood that so long as the public, (not New Yorkers,) control their affairs, and are disposed to be generous, so long will they receive a just share of the profits.

From large purchases of different Escapements of WATCHES of the most celebrated Makers in Europe, direct from Importing Houses, they are enabled to offer a superior article at a very *low price*. In the Mechanical branch, particular attention will be given to the repairing of Watches, Jewelry and all articles pertaining to the trade

Having *two* fine *workmen* from Europe, together with Engine Tools, seldom found in country shops, they pledge themselves to make good work and give satisfaction.

Engraving of *Spoons, Seals, Jewelry, &c.*, done in the best style.

N. B.—All Gold and Silver Goods bought of G. Loomis & Co. will be Engraved, if requested, without charge. Cash and the highest price paid for Old Silver Plate, &c.

Erie, Nov. 27, 1849. 27

Two Thousand Stoves.

THE subscribers, desirous to try the advantages of the *cash system*, offer to sell their entire stock of Stoves for *cash* only, at the following prices, with Cast Hollow-Ware, thus putting an end to competition from dealers or peddlers who are not manufacturers.

No. 3 Premium Cooking Stoves,		$7 50
" 4 "	"	8 50
" 5 "	"	10 00
" 5 Fulton	"	14 00
" 4 "	"	12 00
" 5 Sennett's Iron Mon! Cooking Stove,		17 00
" 4 "	"	15 00
" 4 Hathaway	"	16 00
" 3 "	"	14 00
" 2 "	"	12 00
Air Tight Parlor Stoves, from		$2 50 to 7 00
Plate or Box Stoves, from		2 00 to 7 00

Potash Kettles at three cents per pound. Copper and Tin Furniture in proportion to correspond, with Stove Pipe at eight cents per pound—thus making a journey of 50 miles an object worthy the effort to buy Stoves of

Erie, Dec. 1, 1849. LESTER, SENENTT & CHESTER

BROAD Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinett, Tweeds, Kentucky Jeans a good assortment GEO SELDEN & SON.

IN QUART BOTTLES.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ.:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Acilites or Dropsy, Exposure or Imprudence in Life; also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders, &c.

THIS Medicine has acquired a very extended and established reputation wherever it has been used, based entirely on its own merits, which its superior efficacy has alone sustained. The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers, loathsome to himself and his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement from the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the rank of disease, and now, with regenerated constitutions, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation. The testimony of those who have been cured by its use, with their residences, has been published from time to time; and were it desirable, a mass of the most overwhelming testimony could be brought forward, proving most conclusively its inestimable value. The afflicted, and those who have not used this medicine are invited to make a trial of its virtues, and appropriate to themselves the benefits which it alone can bestow.

"TRUTH IS STRONGER THAN FICTION."

The attention of the reader is called to the following astonishing cure, affected by Sands' Sarsaparilla.

This is to certify that I have a colored woman who has been afflicted for the last five years with Scrofula, and all the remedies I used had no effect in arresting the progress of the complaint, on the contrary, she constantly grew worse, and after expending between $70 and $80 with physicians, besides using other remedies without success, till the disease had eaten away the cartilage of her nose, made its appearance on various parts of her body, and had finally commenced its ravages in the roof of the mouth.

In this dreadful situation, with the prospect of death staring her in the face, I was induced to Dr. Disosway, agent for Sands' Sarsaparilla, in Newbern, N. C., by whom I was advised to use that article; and to my surprise and that of my neighbors, to whom her case was known, after using four and a half bottles she was restored to perfect health, and that in the space of three weeks, and was able to work in two weeks from the time she commenced taking it.

In witness of the truth of this statement, I have hereunto affixed my name, this 19th day of September, 1847.

JOSEPH McCOTTER, J. P.

Mouth of Neuse River, Craven Co., N. C.

ULCER CURED OF SEVEN YEARS' STANDING.

This cure was effected in July, 1848, and to we have no symptoms of a return, and her health still continues good, July 1848.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gentlemen—I consider it a man act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate Cancerous Ulcer on my breast.

I was attended for eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by advice and counsel of one of the most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer was resorted to; for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three time a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or inter ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if it did not get speedy relief by medicine or by an operation, the result would be fatal. "I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined; but finding no relief from what had been done, and feeling I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery, and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla, in case similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but, from the long seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change, considering it as the only medicine I used, I persevered until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. *I therefore pronounce myself*, and the cure entirely effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, *as I look upon the medicine as having done the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since.*

Please receive this long delayed acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite inquiries as to these facts, to call upon me, and I will satisfy them of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to my case.

NANCY A. MILLER, the sullivan st.

SANDS' CELEBRATED SARSAPARILLA.—This excellent compound, which is creating such a universal interest throughout the country, has made its way successfully into the favor of our citizens and the people around us. We have read again and again of the efficacy of this invaluable medicine—if we can call a very pleasant beverage medicine—but not until recently have we had any positive proof which could induce us to speak fairly of it. But, from facts in our possession, we are now well convinced that, without any exception, it is the safest, pleasantest, and best compound ever off red to the public, for the cure of all chronic disease, rheumatism and scrofula, and all impurities of the blood, together with many complaints.

It has so long been remarked that the age is one of "nostrums and nostrum-venders," that we hardly dare recommend a valuable discovery in the Medical Science, lest we jeopardize our reputation for incredulity and consistency; but in this instance we hesitate not to hazard the remark which we have made above.—*Hartford Review.*

SORE THROAT.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Bryan, who had been afflicted several years with Scrofulous Ulcers, Dyspepsia, &c., and recently an affection of the throat and chest:—

BALLSBURG, VA., Dec. 13, 1843.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Before I commenced using your Sarsaparilla, my sufferings were almost past expression; my throat was completely ulcerated, I had a dreadful cough, and there were for weeks together that I could not speak above a whisper: and besides, the inflamation from my throat extended to my head, so that my hearing was very much impaired. After taking the Sarsaparilla a short time, my health improved, and my throat is now well; I am as free from cough and tightness of the chest as ever I was, and can hear quite distinctly. I am thankful to say, that the cure of which has been effected entirely by the use of your Sarsaparilla. Your friend.

LOUISA R. BEVAN.

SAND'S SARSAPARILLA—SCARLET FEVER DISARMED OF ITS TERRORS!—This dangerous and alarming affection, which has swept from the stage of time so many both at the innocent age of infancy, and the more vigorous and mature age of manhood, has at length met with a remedy antidote, and its effects upon the system are laid waste by the powerful influence of this preparation. A little grand-child of Mr. Wm. Patrick, wood-corder, was attacked with scarlet fever, which left her in a dreadful state; her body was covered with particles of scarlet eruptions: a large lump something like a bile, and at least two inches in diameter, made its appearance on the shoulder, which broke and discharged an almost incredible quantity of offensive matter: and besides this, a large quantity was discharged from the ears, of a very offensive character. Almost despairing of ever stopping the discharge, they made trial of SANDS SARSAPARILLA, which effected a complete cure, the child having taken only one bottle. For the benefit of those suffering from the baneful effects of this horrible disease, Mr. Patrick will be pleased to inform any person as to the correctness of this statement, if they call at his residence in Exeter-st. near Fawn-st.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The following testimonial to the value of the Sarsaparilla, is from the Rev. Luther Wright, aged 46 years, Congregational Minister, residing at Woburn.

WOBURN, Mass., March 30th, 1849.

Messrs. Sands: Gentlemen—From what I have experienced, and from the information I have recently received from a number of persons of high respectability who have used your Sarsaparilla I have not the *least doubt* but that it is the most valuable medicine, and that the numerous certificates you have received of its efficacy are sustained by *experience* and although its reputation and utility are very extensive, and stand in no need of my humble efforts to increase them, I want all who are afflicted by disease to become acquainted with the *efficacy* and *power* of your valuable medicine.

I am, gentlemen, gratefully and very respectfully yours,

LUTHER WRIGHT.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS. Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price $1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

For Sale by J. H. BURTON, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

Erie, Dec. 29, 1849. 1yeow31

TWO and a half tons of White Lead, dry and in oil,

One and a half Tons	Chip Fire Proof Paint,	
Nine hundred pounds	English Venetian Red,	
Six hundred do.	French Ochre,	
Seven hundred do.	Red Lead and Lithrage,	
Two hundred do.	French and chrome Green,	
One hundred do.	Chinese and American Vermillion,	
Eight hundred do.	Lamplnack,	
Five hundred do.	Asphaltum,	
One hundred do.	Chrome Yellow,	
One hundred do.	Turkey Amber,	
One thousand do.	Spanish Whiting.	

November 21, 1849. CARTER & BROTHER.

TAILORING

JOHN GRAHAM would respectfully inform his FRIENDS and the public, that he had commenced the above business in C. George's shop, PARK ROW, between Brown's Hotel, and the Reed House, where he hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

Naval and Military Uniforms made to order.

Cutting done for others with great care.

Erie, December 15, 1849. 3

SILK, SILK.—A few patterns of very nice Chameleon Satins and Black Gro de Rhine Silks, will be found at

Erie, Oct. 6. S. R. DEWEY'S.—State Street.

PLAID Long Shawls for sale by GEO. SELDON & SON.

Hats, Caps & Ladies Furs.

R. S. HUNTER has just returned from New York with a large and well selected assortment of Hats, Caps & Ladies Furs, which he is prepared to sell as cheap as can be had at any other establishment in this city. Persons wishing to purchase any of the above goods will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. Erie Nov. 3 1849.

FIVE Hundred Gallons Linseed Oil, two hundred do. Spts. Turpentine, one hundred and fifty do. Copal Varnish, coach and furniture, by CARTER & BROTHER.

LETTER PAPER, of various descriptions—Congress, Quarto Post gilt edge, for steel pens, very fine French small letter, also; envelopes, motto wafers, silver seals, sealing wax, carmine and black ink and ink powder, and a superior quality of Foolscap and School paper, by J. H. BURTON,

Erie, Feb. 2, 1850.

It's Not So!!

IT has been reported that we are out of Sweed's Iron, but we venture to say our stock will compare with any other house in town. For proof call and see. REED & SANFORD.

Erie, Feb. 2, 1850.

CUTTLERY.—The largest assortment of Pocket and Table Cutlery that was ever in town, can be found at

Oct 13. REED & SANFORD.

COAL SCUTTLES, Can be found at

Oct 13. REED & SANFORDS

LADIES and Gentlemen's Kid Gloves at S. R. DEWEY'S.

Erie, Oct. 6.

Sloan's Column.

☞ All the Medicines and Books advertised by W. B. Sloan are sold by CARTER & BROTHER.

No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

THE BEST BOOK
OF THE KIND EVER PUBLISHED.
W. B. SLOAN'S COMPLETE
HORSE FARRIER AND CATTLE DOCTOR
THIRD EDITION. ENLARGED.

☞ Price only Fifty Cents. ☜

FAMILY MEDICINE.

SLOAN'S OINTMENT is now universally acknowledged to be an infallible remedy, in every case where it has been faithfully applied on the human system, for promoting insensible Perspiration, drawing out the inflammation from a wound, relieving pain of every kind, and in its healing qualities the world does not produce its equal, and the public pronounce it the cheapest and best Family Ointment that has ever been used. All diseases of the Flesh, Obstinate Ulcers, Old Sores, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Burns Cuts, Cutaneous Eruptions, Sore Nipples, Sore Breasts, Diseases of the Eye, Ague in the face, side, back, and the other parts of the system, Boils, Ulcers, Scald Head, Bruises, Fresh Wounds, and every kind of sore containing the least particle of inflammation, are permanently cured by this great remedy.

W. B. SLOAN.

Grand Depot, 40 Lake st., Chicago, Ill.

WORSE THAN DEATH.

AT Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1835, a case of 'Elephantiasis' came under a physician's care, the patient laboring under the usual symptoms of that horrid disease, which continued growing worse and worse for TEN YEARS, at this period the patient was abandoned by her physician's all saying that her case was incurable, and that she could not survive many weeks. Her limbs were swollen to an enormous size, her face turned black, eyes starting from their sockets, and her whole person resembling some beast, too horrid for description. All the symptoms of this dreadful disease appeared in the worst form. The female had been possessed of much personal beauty, and great accomplishments, but these were now sunk in the ravages of a disease WORSE THAN DEATH. In 1847 a gentleman from Chicago, Illinois, visited her friends, and undertook to alleviate her sufferings—no hope of life, but a wish that death would end her sufferings, being the sentiment of herself and friends. Having much faith in 'SLOAN'S OINTMENT,' he had supplied himself with it to present to his friends. The first box of the Ointment evident'y helped her case, and in the use of two more boxes decided hopes were entertained. In short this hitherto incurable disease was unscared, and this case in which hundreds of dollars had been squandered on physicians, was cured entirely at a cost of fifteen dollars, and the young lady now married, walks the streets of a western city, a living and most beautiful monument of the unparalelled virtue of the people's medicine, 'SLOAN'S OINTMENT.' J. MARTIN.

Boston, Mass, July 30, 1849.

P. S. Should any person wish to know the lady's name, W. B. Sloan, 40 Lake street, Chicago, can inform them.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.

DR. W. B. Sloan—Dear Sir. Last August I received a severe bruise on one leg, just below the knee, no attention was paid to it however for some time after, nor until I had taken cold in the sore, it now became very much swollen, and exceedingly painful, so much so that I could get no sleep for several days. A physician was called, and my leg lanced at two different periods, discharging very freely each time. I laid under Medical treatment about three months, but without the least permanent benefit. I then obtained a box of your Ointment, this soon removed all pain and soreness, and in two weeks from the time I began using the Ointment my leg was entirely well. I cheerfully recommend all who may be similarly injured to give this Ointment a trial with the fullest assurance that their expectations will not be disappointed. Respectfully Yours, DAVID J. WEST.

Sugar Grove, Kane co., Ill., April 27, 1849.

AFTER THREE YEARS FOUND RELIEF.

THIS is to certify that I have been afflicted with a pain in my left leg a little below the knee for about three years, most of this time I have been entirely unable to labor, and notwithstanding I have used almost every thing I heard recommended, nothing afforded any relief, except the application of cold water, and this but temporarily. A neighbor recommended me to try Sloan's Ointment, I did so, and in about four weeks I was able to walk about as well as ever, except some weakness.

Milwaukie, July 2, 1849. JAMES FILZGERALD.

EXCELLENT REMEDY.

WE have used, for several months past, *Sloan's Family Ointment*, for the various cuts, burns and bruises to which a family, especially of young children, is constantly liable, and have invariably found it to be an excellent remedy.—*Rockford Free Press, Feb, 24th, 1849.*

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINE IN THE WORLD!

SLOAN'S OINTMENT AND CONDITION POWDER HAVE EARNED A GREAT NAME.

For Purity, Mildness, Safety Certainly and Thoroughness, SLOAN'S OINTMENT Excels:

AND is rapidly superceding all other Ointments and Liniments now in use for the cure of the following diseases.

Fresh Wounds, Galls on Horses, Mud, Spavins, Bruises, Cracked Heels, Ringbone, Windbone, Windgalls, Poll Evil, Callus, Shavetus, Sweeney, Fistula, Sitfast, Strains, Lameness, Sand Cr